

THE MUSIC REVIEW

November 1956

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Edited by GEOFFREY SHARP

NOVEMBER, 1956

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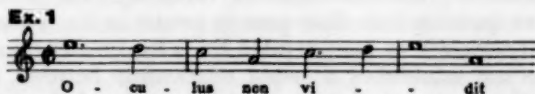
Dissonance and emotional Content in the Bach Two-Part Inventions

BY

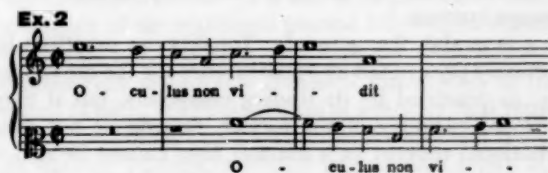
JOHN SATTERFIELD

In one of his deservedly very influential books, Dr. Knud Jeppesen made remarks which provided the stimulus for the investigation reported in these pages. His statements are quoted as a relevant preamble:

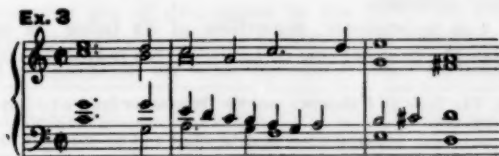
That the treatment of the dissonance was chosen as the special object of historical investigation in this work is due to the author's conviction that the attitude towards accent is the decisive point in determining the quality of expression of the different musical epochs—the fact that the dissonance forms one of the most important "accent-rousing" factors giving it a place among the most expressive and, from a historical point of view, most decisively fateful elements of style. To cite a practical example which may throw light upon the significance of the dissonance, the Cantus of the two-part Motet by Orlandus Lassus, "Oculus non vidit" begins as follows:



The melody is of distinguished bearing and well-balanced structure, typical of this epoch of beautiful progressions. It glides along peacefully at its own ease, reposeful, unconscious and unaffected by the surroundings. Its expression is characterized by simplicity and nobility, which is in no way altered when treated in several parts, either polyphonically, as in Lassus:



or in a more harmonic arrangement:



In both cases the expressional character of the melody remains the same as if executed in unison. The question is, substantially, one of degree, of a fuller or richer expression of the same thing.

Quite otherwise is the result if the free dissonance is applied, a mode of treatment, however, which would be historically as well as musically a crime, whose commission here is only justified by the purpose of a clearer explanation:



Immediately the whole character is changed. The former calmness and innocence give way to a passionateness restrained only with difficulty under the quiet melodic surface. All is now tension, vibration, conscious volition, and this great alteration is due solely to the influence of the dissonance, which is without doubt one of the most potent expressional factors in music on the whole.¹

Let us grant that the music in Ex. 4 is more emotional than that of Ex. 2 and that of Ex. 3.² Stated without qualification, this sentence by Jeppesen gives us pause: "All is now tension, vibration, conscious volition, and this great alteration is due solely to the influence of the dissonance . . .". The stark implication is: "Emotional content varies with the dissonance factor".

There is no question that dissonance is greater in Ex. 4 than in the other examples, but although we have granted Ex. 4 has greater emotional content, Jeppesen has not established a causal relationship between the dissonance content and the emotional content, nor has he isolated the dissonance factor and determined under controlled conditions its contribution to the emotional content. There are too many differences in Ex. 3 and Ex. 4 to state without qualification that the greater emotional content of the latter is "due solely to the influence of the dissonance". Without attempting an exhaustive list of differences in the two examples, one may point out some that are salient besides that in dissonance content.

First, Ex. 3 is modal, Ex. 4 tonal. Tonality, as practised by its leading composers, certainly presents more opportunities for the use of dissonance than does modality, as practised by its leading composers, but it is quite possible that the functional harmony of the former, dissonance not considered, contributes to emotional content in a manner that cannot be articulated in the nonfunctional, vertical, intervallic concepts of the latter. The vast difference in bases of theoretical organization manifest in the two examples has apparently not been taken too seriously.

Second, Ex. 3 is polyphonic, regardless of its being "a more harmonic arrangement" than the original one of Lassus. No major departures from the

¹ Knud Jeppesen, *The Style of Palestrina and the Dissonance* (2nd ed.; London: Oxford University Press, 1946), pp. 9 ff.

² This is done to put aside material irrelevant to what will be the main thesis of the study. Actually, there may be considerable doubt that the last example has greater emotional content if one ponders differences in true emotion, displays of "emotionalism", and sentiment. It should be understood that the term, "emotional content", is used figuratively; certain aspects of the aural production of music seem to cause the listener to have responses which are reminiscent of emotional states. A recent summary of this outlook will be found in Carroll C. Pratt, *Music as the Language of Emotion* (Washington, D.C.: Library of Congress, 1952), pp. 6 et passim.

principles of sixteenth-century contrapuntal composition are made, each voice having a melody adequate within the limitations of the sacred style of the period. Ex. 4, on the other hand, is homophonic. Voice-leading principles observed belong to the era of nineteenth-century Romantic harmony, and the most involved interpretation that could be given to this texture is "pseudo-polyphony". The claim that dissonance alone is responsible for the change in emotional content does not allow for the possibility that change in texture may bear a part of the responsibility.

Third, Ex. 3 is diatonic within Dorian possibilities. Ex. 4 is chromatic in its tonality. Chromaticism, which quite aside from dissonance may affect emotional content, has not been isolated in Jeppesen's discussion.

Other differences in the examples may be noted, and one might attempt to distinguish between melodic and harmonic expression; the elements mentioned above, however, should suffice to make an objection to Jeppesen's statement.

The extreme difficulty of isolating and controlling factors in measurements of art works is precisely the problem which leads Krutch to define the humanities as those "studies . . . which concern themselves with what cannot be experimentally verified and is not susceptible of measurement".³ Despite the promise of darkness given by this rather forbidding definition, one may proceed to partial illumination by lighting any available candle.

The questions concerning the causes of the emotional content we attribute to music will probably not be completely solved for some time, if ever. This slight study is devoted to a small part of musical literature, the *Two-Part Inventions* of J. S. Bach, and to a fragment of information revealed by these pieces. An answer is herein sought to the question: How is dissonance related to the emotional content of the *Two-Part Inventions*?⁴

That dissonance may be the most important, perhaps the sole, factor determining the emotional content of music is, as previously stated, Jeppesen's hypothesis, and much of the statistical process followed in examining it within the bounds mentioned has been borrowed from the same scholar.

If it is possible that measurable technical differences, as the amounts of dissonance present in each, between settings of a melody that represent separate style-periods have something to do with differences in emotional content, the question arises whether varying emotional content in a group of similar works from the same period and by the same composer has a possible relationship to technical differences among the individual works.⁵ Specifically, one may ask whether the varying use of dissonance in the *Two-Part Inventions* has any meaning for the respective expressive results in the individual *Inventions*.

As general qualification for what follows, it must be said that everything

³ Joseph Wood Krutch, "Are the Humanities Worth Saving?—I", *Saturday Review*, 4th June, 1955, p. 23.

⁴ This question and several other related ones were originally explored in John Satterfield, "Aspects of Style in the Bach *Two-Part Inventions* as Revealed by a Study of Accentuation" (Master's thesis, University of North Carolina, 1955).

⁵ It is not meant that technique is a purely mechanical tool; rather, it should be understood that various techniques may reflect composers' various musically creative reactions to psychological problems.

applies only to the *Two-Part Inventions*; one could not leap logically to broad statements about the whole Bach style, music of the Baroque, or all music. Further, the writer hears music with ears that have been exposed to compositions written since Bach's and some written before. He must assume, in making any subjective remark about emotional content, that his contemporary readers have had similar listening experiences offering a base upon which some general agreements about emotional content can be reached. Assumptions and opinions will be clearly set off at each appearance.⁶

Let us assume that different types of expression are present in the *Two-Part Inventions*. There is a need for words to describe two extremes if the *Inventions* are to be placed in some linear range of expressive content. Because many adjectives have associated with them some concepts of "good" and "bad", particularly those modifiers derived from polar words, only one has been adopted for use in this discussion. It is assumed that a general agreement could be reached that the *Inventions*' individual emotional contents lie along a more or less linear range of *poignancy*, that each *Invention* is *more or less poignant*, in the sense of piercingly effective or keenly touching.⁷ It is further assumed that poignancy of expression is not necessarily a standard for value judgments, and it is not intended to be implied that a more poignant *Invention* is more valuable than a less poignant one; the extreme and intermediate degrees of poignancy in the range from very little to very much are accepted as equally legitimate types of expression.

Here is an order of the *Inventions* which ranks the pieces from most poignant to least poignant in the judgment of the writer: IX, XI, V, II, VI, VII, XV, XIV, XII, I, XIII, III, IV, VIII, X. One is of course aware that the writer's opinion is relatively worthless as a scientific indication of the emotional content of the individual *Inventions*. The study, however, is meant to be limited, and perhaps its description of a possible methodology for less restricted investigations is more important than its immediate findings. The order given is at best tentative; one would not like to be so unwise as to claim any one of the *Inventions* is more or less poignant, beyond all argument, than its neighbours in both directions in the order. It may be supposed that people with similar mental and physical qualifications to one's own, with similar training and experience, with similar verbal concepts, and so on throughout numerous factors, will agree that the *group* of *Inventions* near the top of the order are more poignant than the *group* of *Inventions* near the bottom, differences in individual ranks varying. In other words, one would expect a fairly high coefficient of correlation between one's order and those of similar people with similar backgrounds.

* The unquestionable contribution of his "times", habituation, and associations to the listener's reactions to music is an item without the noticing of which probably no reasonable statement can be made regarding the emotional content of a composition. Even if the emotions of humanity do not change with cultural temper, the ways in which they are expressed do change demonstrably. Since there is no ready way to measure the reactions of dead generations, we are rather forced to use the reports of living subjects; thus, "emotional content", as used herein, carries the implication that it must be understood primarily in terms of twentieth-century listeners.

⁷ Webster's Collegiate Dictionary (5th ed.; Springfield: G. & C. Merriam Co., 1936), p. 766.

As an indication, however slight, that the writer's opinion is not completely unshared, the results of a small side issue may be shown. Two colleagues were read Webster's definition of poignant and each given at different places a copy of Bischoff's edition of the *Inventions*. They were not told what use was to be made of their results, because one did not want previous knowledge to prejudice them. They were told that more or less poignancy would be taken to mean more or less emotional content, but they were warned that value judgments were not to enter their rankings. After some hours, each, working alone, finished and submitted a report. The order of the first subject, VI, IX, VII, XIV, V, IV, II, XV, XI, XIII, I, XII, III, VIII, X, had a coefficient of correlation to the writer's of .70 with a standard error of plus or minus .13, enough to indicate a fairly strong relation. The order of the second subject, VI, IX, II, XI, XIV, VII, V, IV, XV, XII, III, XIII, X, VIII, I, had a coefficient of correlation to the writer's of .808 with a standard error of plus or minus .09, enough to indicate a very strong relation. Many factors—age, sex, training, experience, aural equipment, keyboard facility, past association with the *Inventions*, and others—may account for the differences. The colleagues' reports, however, tend to indicate that there would be good correlation among orders set up individually by a homogeneous group of subjects.

The statistical procedure has been to use Spearman's formula for the rank-difference method

$$R = 1 - \frac{6\Sigma D^2}{n(n^2 - 1)}$$

in which R is the coefficient of correlation, D is the difference in the two rankings for each individual *Invention*, Σ is "sum of", and n is the number of individual *Inventions*, or fifteen.⁸ The formula for standard error

$$\text{S.E.} = \frac{(1 - R^2)}{\sqrt{n}}$$

was obtained from Peatman.⁹

To quantify the accented dissonance content of the *Two-Part Inventions*, the presence of accented intervals which are dissonant in themselves has been measured. Unaccented dissonance was apparently considered a relatively negligible factor in Jeppesen's hypothesis. The relative metric accent was treated as the unit, and the percentage of accented dissonant intervals was determined by the ratio of the number of accented dissonant intervals to the number of relative metric accents in the *Invention* under scrutiny.

There is no possibility for a dissonant interval unless both voices are sounding.¹⁰ Therefore, bars in which only one voice sounds are not included in the count of relative metric accents.

⁸ John Frederick Dashiell, *Fundamentals of General Psychology* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1937), p. 301.

⁹ John Gray Peatman, *Descriptive and Sampling Statistics* (New York: Harper & Brothers Publishers, 1947), p. 388.

¹⁰ Conceptual dissonance will be treated later.

The intervals called dissonant here are those conventionally taught as dissonant, all except perfect unisons, fifths, and octaves, major and minor thirds and sixths. The perfect fourth has historically required special treatment for several centuries; if it is by acoustical standards consonant, it is nevertheless by our standards of habituation dissonant when used alone. The tritone, sometimes called an imperfect consonance, is included among the dissonant intervals in this measurement because one of its members usually has the quality of a seventh in an implied or applied dominant function. Reference to the following table will reveal the results of the measurement of relatively accented dissonant intervals.

TABLE I

<i>Invention</i>	Number of Intervals having relative Metric Accents	Number of relatively accented Dissonant Intervals	Percentage of relatively accented Dissonance
I	142	36	25.3%
II	185	44	23.8%
III	155	38	24.5%
IV	140	36	25.7%
V	239	56	23.4%
VI	237	83	35.9%
VII	159	31	19.5%
VIII	183	32	17.5%
IX	195	30	15.4%
X	87	18	20.7%
XI	175	33	18.9%
XII	206	36	17.4%
XIII	164	36	22.0%
XIV	215	34	15.8%
XV	156	48	30.8%

Music would be a considerably less complex phenomenon and probably less interesting if there were no other aspects of dissonance than that just measured, but other impressions of dissonance can be received. Haydon uses the term *conceptual dissonance* to describe a dissonance psychologically understood by the hearer when a chord that is normally consonant contains one or more members demanding resolution, and he cites the dominant six-three as an example.¹¹ In this paper inversions of usually consonant chords are considered consonant.

A consonant vertical interval or chord can be heard as dissonant to preceding or subsequent intervals or chords at a number of levels of listening. Here the conceptual dissonance is measured more narrowly in terms of conflict between the currently sounding relatively accented consonant interval and the

¹¹ Glen Haydon, *Introduction to Musicology* (New York: Prentice-Hall, Inc., 1941), p. 92.

simultaneous functional harmony. Thus, the interval E-C is consonant itself, but heard when D major is the functional harmony, it represents the ninth and seventh and is, therefore, dissonant.

Normally then, dissonance might be said to result from the "incompatibility" of simultaneously sounding tones. Our measurement of conceptual dissonance takes into consideration the dissonant effect of currently sounding tones in their relationship to preceding and succeeding tones within the functional chord's duration. A more exhaustive study of all conceptually dissonant content would have to examine the music in terms of larger units. For instance, a unit of two chords might be used to determine the dissonance value of each progression, the piquancy, in either its contemporary or archaic meaning, of the second chord in relation to the first representing something hardly distinguishable from dissonance in its narrower, more conventional sense. The dissonance heard in such a measurement would depend partly upon memory and association, the element of time being involved, and the concept of dissonance would be somewhat "horizontalized". Further, "horizontalization" can be understood to apply to even larger units, as is shown by Mozart's letter of 26th September, 1781, in which he writes to his father regarding *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*,

* The rage of Osmin will be rendered comic in it as the Turkish music is brought in. In the execution of the aria I have let his fine deep voice . . . display itself. The *drum beyrn Barte des Propheten* is actually in the same tempo but with quicker notes and as his rage increases then—when one thinks the aria is at its end—the allegro assai in quite another tempo and in another key must make a splendid effect; for a man who is in such a rage oversteps all moderation, measure, and bounds; he does not know himself—so the music must not; although the utmost passion, violent or not, must never be pushed as far as the disgusting, and music even in the most awful places must not offend the ear, but give pleasure; that is, music must always remain music; so I have chosen no foreign key to the F (the key of the aria) but a consonant one, not, however, the nearest D minor but the further A minor.¹²

Mozart implies the possibility of hearing whole key areas as consonant or dissonant to one another. The limits of this type of "horizontal hearing" are approached in the theories of Heinrich Schenker which have been expounded in English by Mrs. Katz.¹³ For limiting purposes, the measurement of conceptual dissonance herein is restricted to the narrower definition given it earlier.

Again relative accents have been the basis for the measurement. Some conceptual consonances have reduced the overall total of dissonance, in every case a fourth that has been given special treatment in the surrounding harmony, that is, is shown to be a component interval of a consonant chord. The dissonance in the following table then includes relatively accented dissonant intervals, plus conceptual dissonances, but minus conceptual consonances.

¹² Quoted and translated in W. J. Turner, *Mozart, The Man and His Works* (New York: Tudor Publishing Company, 1938), p. 307.

¹³ Adele T. Katz, *Challenge to Musical Tradition, A New Concept of Tonality* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1946).

* For two alternative versions see page 309 [Ed.].

TABLE II

<i>Invention</i>	Number of relative Metric Accents	Number of relatively accented Dissonant Intervals and Conceptual Dissonances	Percentage of relatively accented Dissonant Intervals and Conceptual Dissonances
I	169	47	27.8%
II	212	77	31.6%
III	175	71	40.6%
IV	154	65	42.2%
V	253	108	42.7%
VI	259	93	35.9%
VII	182	41	22.5%
VIII	190	56	29.5%
IX	197	68	34.5%
X	96	23	24.0%
XI	181	43	23.8%
XII	250	54	21.6%
XIII	199	51	25.6%
XIV	265	49	18.5%
XV	164	59	36.0%

The following order of the *Inventions* arranges the pieces according to percentages of relatively accented dissonant intervals, from greater to smaller: VI, 35.9%; XV, 30.8%; IV, 25.7%; I, 25.3%; III, 24.5%; II, 23.8%; V, 23.4%; XIII, 22.0%; X, 20.7%; VII, 19.5%; XI, 18.9%; VIII, 17.5%; XII, 17.4%; XIV, 15.8%; IX, 15.4%.

The coefficient of correlation between this order and the order arrived at by subjective rating on the basis of poignancy is minus .143 with a standard error of plus or minus .25, a very low coefficient.

With all the many previously stated qualifications applying, the following proposition appears to be valid: the study has failed to reveal that there is any possibility that percentage of relatively accented dissonant intervals as measured in this study has any kind of relationship to emotional content as measured in this study. In other words, in the *Inventions* dissonance content as here measured has not been shown to be a factor in emotional content as here measured.

The following order of the *Inventions* arranges the pieces according to percentages of relatively accented dissonant intervals, plus relatively accented conceptual dissonances, but minus relatively accented conceptual consonances, from greater to smaller: V, 42.7%; IV, 42.2%; III, 40.6%; XV, 36.0%; VI, 35.9%; IX, 34.5%; II, 31.6%; VIII, 29.5%; I, 27.8%; XIII, 25.6%; X, 24.0%; XI, 23.8%; VII, 22.5%; XII, 21.6%; XIV, 18.5%.

The coefficient of correlation between this order and the order arrived at by subjective rating on the basis of poignancy is .061 with a standard error of plus or minus .244, a very low coefficient.

With all the many previously stated qualifications applying, the following proposition appears to be valid: the study has failed to reveal that there is any possibility that percentage of relatively accented dissonant intervals, plus relatively accented conceptual dissonances, but minus relatively accented conceptual consonances as measured in this study has any kind of relationship to emotional content as measured in this study. In other words, in the *Inventions* dissonance content as here more broadly measured has not been shown to be a factor in emotional content as here measured.

The writer's surprise at these results concerning the dissonance and emotional content is a confession of a prejudice toward believing that Jeppesen was close to verity, whether he was being scientific or not. One cannot say just how seriously the implications of so slight a study should be taken, but probably there is sufficient evidence here to bring under suspicion the academic and popularly accepted truism that musical dissonance goes hand in hand with expressed emotion.

On the Nature of Music

Towards an Understanding of Music in Relation to the Absolute

BY

FERRUCCIO BUSONI

Translated from the German by Ronald Stevenson¹

As I have continued my reflections on music, I have come gradually to realize that our comprehension of the quintessential nature of music still remains fragmentary and obscure; that few people are aware of it, fewer still understand it, and no one can explain it.

My earlier idea of the unity of music may serve to foreshadow the ideas which I am about to express; ideas which, up to now, have been suggested more by philosophers than by practising musicians, as philosophers, having no practical concern in music, possess for this very reason a less biased outlook upon it. Such a disinterested mind aided me the other day in my endeavours to express my thoughts clearly. A proposition in my *New Aesthetic of Music* (1906)—“That the content of a piece of music exists completely and unchangeably before and after its performance”—hints at the views expressed in the following passage from a novel by Anatole France.²

In the French author's novel, a young playwright is anxiously awaiting the end of the *première* of his play, and a doctor talks to him in the following manner:

—“Do you not know that that which is to happen has already occurred?”

And, without waiting for a reply, he adds:

—“Even though the world-phenomena come to our knowledge in a certain sequence, we should not conclude from this that they are in reality successive, and we have still less reason for thinking that they are produced at the moment wherein we perceive them. . . . The universe seems to us forever incomplete, and we have the illusion that it is forever unfolding itself. As we perceive the phenomena successively, we believe that in effect they succeed each other. We imagine that the things we see no more are past and the things we have not yet seen are in the future. Yet it seems feasible that beings may exist who possess the power of perceiving simultaneously that which for us is the past and the future. One can similarly imagine beings who perceive phenomena in retrograde order and see them unravel from our future to our past. Let us, for example, consider creatures so different from us that they can move with a speed greater than that of light; they would have a conception of the succession of phenomena very different from that which we have. . . .

¹ Translator's note: The original German version of this essay, “Vom Wesen der Musik”, was first published in *Melos, Zeitschrift für Musik*, Berlin, on 1st August, 1924, and reprinted in the 2nd edition of Busoni's Collected Writings, *Wesen und Einheit der Musik*, published by Max Hesse's Verlag, Berlin, January, 1956. Busoni's manuscript is dated 8th June, 1924—less than two months before his death at 58 years of age. Thus this essay presents his ultimate reflections on the nature of music. R. S.

² See *Histoire Comique*, chapter XIX (first published 1903). Volume XIII, pp. 318–322, of *Anatole France: œuvres complètes illustrées*, published by Calman-Lévy, Paris, 1927. R. S.

We ourselves, on a clear night, when we look up at the Spica or Ear of Virgo which throbs above the top of a poplar tree, see at the same time that which was and that which is. And one can equally claim that we see that which is and that which shall be. For if the star, such as it appears to us, is the past in relation to the tree, the tree is the future in relation to the star. Meanwhile, the constellation from afar, which shows us its fiery little face, not as it is to-day, but as it was in our youth, maybe even before our birth, and the poplar, whose young leaves tremble in the cool evening breeze, reunite in us and are witnessed by us at the same moment of time.

We say of something that it is in the present when we perceive it clearly. We say that it is in the past when we preserve only an indistinct memory of it. A thing that happened millions of years ago, provided that we receive of it an impression of maximum impact, will not be something past for us: rather will it be for us something present. The sequence in which events revolve in the unfathomable depths of the universe is unknown to us. We know only the sequence of our perceptions. To believe that the future does not exist because we do not know it, is to believe a book is unfinished because we have not finished reading it.

Through inexorable fate, the universe is constructed like a triangle, of which one side and two angles are given. Future events are determined. After that, they remain only to be fulfilled, terminated. They are as if existing. They exist already. They exist so certainly that we know them in part. And, if this part is infinitesimal in comparison with the whole, it is yet relatively quite considerable when compared with the limited knowledge of past events which we are capable of comprehending.

It is surely permissible for us to say that the future is not very much more obscure for us than is the past. We know that generations will succeed generations in work, joy, and suffering. I visualize beyond the duration of the human race. I see in the sky the constellations slowly changing form, which had seemed immutable. We know that the sun will rise to-morrow, and, through dense cloud or light mist, will rise every morning for a long time to come.

We see the next new moon. We do not see it as distinctly as to-night's new moon, because we do not know in what grey or roseate sky it will appear. . . . Could we but get an idea of the next new moon such as we have of to-night's new moon, the one and the other would be equally present for us.

Knowledge of a thing is the only reason for our believing in its existence. We know certain events which will come to pass. We must therefore regard them as real. And if they are real, they are realized. Therefore, it is feasible, my dear man, that your piece has been played through a thousand years ago, or half-an-hour ago, which really amounts to the same thing. Think thus and you will be calmer."

In the course of translating those fragments, I remembered that I had, some time ago, written something that resembled this concept of Time; for, wretched humans that we are, we all reach similar conclusions after our individual strivings. In themselves incomplete and unoriginal, these ideas are concerned nevertheless with the same eternal truths with which I am now dealing.

A definition of the nature of music can be settled superficially by using a *cliché*. We can say, for aught I care, that: music is the art of tone in the movement of time. Or: in the unity of rhythm, melody and harmony. And so on. Once I even read that: music consists of harmony and melody; this for the left hand, and that for the right! Then there are those well-meant poetical effusions—"Music is an envoy of heaven" and its multifarious variations—which say nothing, of course, but draw rather nearer to fathoming our argument, perhaps, than "talking shop" about music does. This facile playing-with-words

has assumed an importance in our "histories of music", whilst really such catch-phrases are only labels which we have given to the details of theoretical composition and without which we would find it difficult to survey the evolution of music through the ages.

Just as electricity has existed since the beginning of time, long before we discovered it, just as everything that has not yet been discovered really exists already, so is the cosmic atmosphere completely filled with collective forms, motives, and combinations of past and future music.

A composer seems to me to be like a gardener who has been allotted a little plot of land to cultivate on an extensive estate; it is his task to gather, to arrange in order, and then to make up a bouquet from whatever flourishes in his locality; when flowering-time has come, to plant a garden. It is this gardener's duty, then, to amass and fashion whatever is within reach of his eyes and arms (and his discretion). Likewise even one of the initiated, one of the anointed, a Bach, a Mozart, views only a fraction of the entire vegetable creation and knows how to handle it and point out its beauties; a tiny fragment of that blossoming foliage which covers our planet and weaves over an enormous area, some too far away, some unexplored, beyond the achievement of an individual man—be he even a giant. And still the analogy is weak and inadequate, in so far as the vegetable creation is merely a clothing, whereas music, invisible and inaudible, traces through and penetrates the whole expanse of the universe.

Even the great giant must remain confined by the circle in which he pursues his activities. However much even he is able to comprehend, it must become a negligible little distance in relation to the infinity from which it is derived; just as even the highest mountain brings us no nearer to the sun! Within the limitations of this "personal sphere" imposed in time and space by the accident of birth, the individual personality feels especially attracted by intuition to distinct thought-patterns and formations, while his temperament runs in close relationship, due to similarly constituted elements. The creative artist favours these impulses in so unequivocal a fashion that he readily returns to them again and again in his work; in such a way that we come to recognize him by them.—Just as we, from seemingly accidental (though in reality pre-determined) meetings with a few women, form ideas on love and never comprehend above and beyond these events (love understood as mutual attraction for mankind and for creatures through infinity and eternity), so it is through a similar mediation that we think we have beheld the nature of music through our knowledge of a few composers. What we thereby actually behold are mere idiosyncracies and mannerisms; characteristics which are handed on from the greater to the lesser composers, until a new greater one shall arise and give fresh direction and impetus; and so music will take another step forward. This new composer will be hailed as a genius. In reality, he will owe his importance to the accident of his birth in the coincidence of time and place.

The nature of music is merely surmised from a few of its components; most people do not understand it or misunderstand it. It is as if we were trying to acquire a picture of the architecture of all ages and nations from the few foundation-stones that we have managed to assemble. On the contrary,

such sporadic and fragmentary knowledge only dims and diminishes the true picture, a picture which is there to be glimpsed by one possessing the true vision.

When we listen (in deepest reverence and highest admiration) to a movement by that demi-god Mozart (one of those rare minds who often came near to expressing the very essence of music), we must confess, all the same, that he fell short of expressing the innermost spirit of music in the following ways:

(i) We perceive unhesitatingly the *ethos* from which his music springs, its relation to the then-prevailing social and historical conditions.

(ii) The master's selection; what he favours and what he rejects; what lies within his personality.

(iii) The frequent repetitions and emphases of his preferred thought-patterns.

What nature gave him so liberally for his own, is in these three ways lessened and limited by personal colouring.

Thus the master presents us with a limited choice of those innumerable forms in which music surrounds us everywhere and at all times; from this choice he again draws an even more limited selection, to which he returns often and dwells upon because it pleases him to do so and because he feels it expressive to do so. Since he has a vocation for his task, credit for carrying it out is not due to himself but rather to fate; on the other hand, I should deem it tantamount to a criminal offence if someone without any vocation were to try and undertake work of this order. Even he who has the calling cannot exceed his own limitations. Let no one envy a genius, for his is a most arduous and responsible task; and yet he is in no way able to decrease the distance that separates us from the essence of music.

This distance will not be decreased by our attempts at inventing new methods or by individual discoveries. It will be decreased gradually by a constantly accumulating collection of all that has been achieved and all that is yet to be achieved; and at the same time our so-called "individual importance" must give precedence to the untiring and inexhaustible development of the objective values of music itself.—Just as to the astronomer the greater part of the firmament must ever remain hidden, so we never completely grasp the essence of music. Our progress towards the ultimate goal is frighteningly dilatory and most hazardous to follow, and the situation is not helped by the "plebeians" in the world of music who dare to speak and behave as freely as the "aristocratic leader". Progress is constantly being delayed by errors: both those that have already been committed and those that are now being advocated.

What is the nature of music? Not the virtuoso's performance, not the Overture to *Rienzi*, nor the harmony text-book, nor yet the nostalgic national songs of nations separated by their gaily-painted frontier-posts (the very fact that nations are so separated is itself a denial of the spirit of music). Although each of these examples contains a grain of the ultimate truth, in that music is made up of varying elements, the very fact that music can be so divided renders

it liable to being sub-divided and analyzed beyond recognition; as if the canopy of heaven were being cut up into tiny strips. What can one individual achieve when faced with such an immense wealth of material? We ought to be grateful to the core of our soul for being privileged to see a few of the elect, who have been able to set up, as it were, a miniature model of that sphere from whence flows all beauty and power; even though their model be on a minute scale, through inspiration and technique it has been created with style and form.

People will never be able to understand the nature of music in its genuineness and wholeness. If only they would learn to separate the wheat from the chaff! Yet it is we musicians who prevent this happening, in the same way that dogma hinders faith.

Sometimes, in very rare cases, a human being has overheard the rather unearthly nature of music: it flows to the hands, then recedes as soon as one snatches after it; it becomes lifeless when we wish to translate it into our human world; becomes tainted by our human touch and loses its lustre; fades as soon as it has pierced the darkness of our mentality. And yet sufficient still remains that reminds us of its divine origin, that it appears to us as the highest, noblest, and fairest of all that is high, noble, and fair that it is given to us to know.

Not that music is an "envoy of heaven", as the poet meant. But the envoys of heaven are surely those elect who are born to the high office of bringing to us a few rays of primordial light through immeasurable space. Hail to the Prophets!

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Mozart's *G minor Quintet (K.516)* and its Relationship to the *G minor Symphony (K.550)*

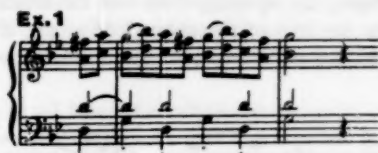
BY

SIDNEY NEWMAN

(This article comprises a paper delivered at the International Musicologic Congress at Vienna, June, 1956.)

It is universally recognized that there is a strong affinity between the *G minor Quintet* and the *G minor Symphony*. If the two works differ in points of emphasis and in their resolution, they are remarkably similar in spirit and in emotional content. That there are also thematic resemblances between the two has been noted by many writers. Let us immediately survey the nature and extent of these thematic resemblances.

If we simply ask the context of this passage:



the answer is that this is the constantly recurring cadencing-figure of the phrases which build up the main theme of the finale of the *Symphony*, a motif which plays an outstanding part in the transition and pervades the long coda passages of each half of the movement. But if we quote the motif thus:



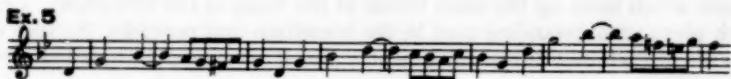
it is the final cadence of the *Symphony's* opening *Allegro molto*, where it is a diminution or compression of the immediately preceding three bars, the whole being the automatic repetition in *G minor* of the *B flat major* cadence of the exposition. But if again we quote the motif thus:



we find ourselves within the cadence bars of the first broad paragraph of the Quintet and also on identical ground in the recapitulation of that movement.

Admittedly this is basically a not uncommon idiomatic figure. It is used, for example, in the B flat Concerto (K.595) and briefly in the G minor piano Quartet (K.478); moreover the alert repetitive figure which pervades so much of the *tutti* passages in the first *Allegro* of the E flat Symphony (K.543) is markedly akin. Yet, in the light of the further evidence I shall adduce, these resemblances, however cursory, are by no means insignificant.

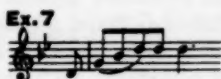
Thematic relationships or affinities between different movements of the same work have been remarked in the case of both Quintet and Symphony. In the latter, for example, the opening theme of the finale (Ex. 4a) is by some felt to be prefigured in the trio of the minuet (Ex. 4b), if not indeed to lie on ground already covered in a wide sweep in the minuet itself (Ex. 5):



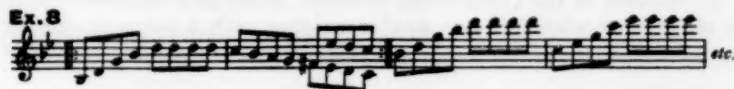
Furthermore, the figure which releases the full vigorous action of the Symphony's finale, is also (as Abert noted) a very forceful and prominent utterance in the cadence passages of its first movement.



But, whatever the internal relationships of the Symphony's finale-theme, it undoubtedly calls to mind the opening of the Quintet:



That is not to say that the themes are identical in character and purport. The Symphony's theme is more alert and tense—almost perfunctory in comparison with the ample expansion of the Quintet theme. Even if the resemblance between the two themes were thought to be purely fortuitous, despite the similarity of their mode of accompaniment, it is surely difficult to believe that it was a purely chance train of thought which led the composer almost at the outset of the Symphony's finale to use with such repetitive emphasis the following diminished and intensified form of the *arpeggio* figure:

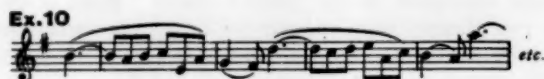


There is moreover a most vividly impressive analogy between the prolonged *stretto*-like succession of overreaching and plaintive minor ninths in the developments of the symphonic finale and of the Quintet's first movement respectively. Nor is the significance of this analogy for our argument in any way diminished by the self-evident fact that the one derives from a primary and the other from a secondary theme.

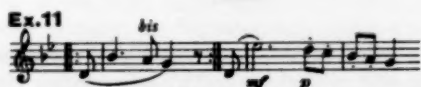
Turning to the internal thematic relationships within the Quintet, we may observe that these are more numerous and more subtle (one might even say of deeper emotional significance) than in the case of the Symphony. If I select for first mention the immediate transformation of the cadence phrase of the minor minuet, already enhanced with expressive nuance, into the all-pervading motif of the major trio (a simple procedure but magical in effect), it is because this gives direct evidence of an explicit relationship *consciously* evolved.



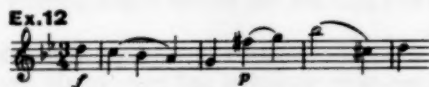
Whether the imaginative and inventive process of musical thought which evolved the themes of the ultimate G major rondo was of the same explicitly conscious order or no, the result is undoubtedly as Abert has described when he wrote "The themes of the first movement are adumbrated here, but in greatly extended form and freed from all oppression".¹ Furthermore, although no calculative process could evolve the first G major episode of that rondo from the trio melody:



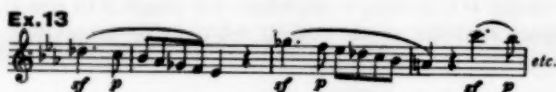
there is not a chamber music player who does not instinctively recognize that this passage radiates from that source. Finally, we may remark in all the first four movements of the Quintet the recurrent motif of a plaintive descending scale directly associated in one way or another with a poignant outcry of a rising seventh, ninth or tenth. In the first movement it is this:



In the minuet it is this:



In the E flat *Adagio* we find the following and its subsequent magical transformation into the major:



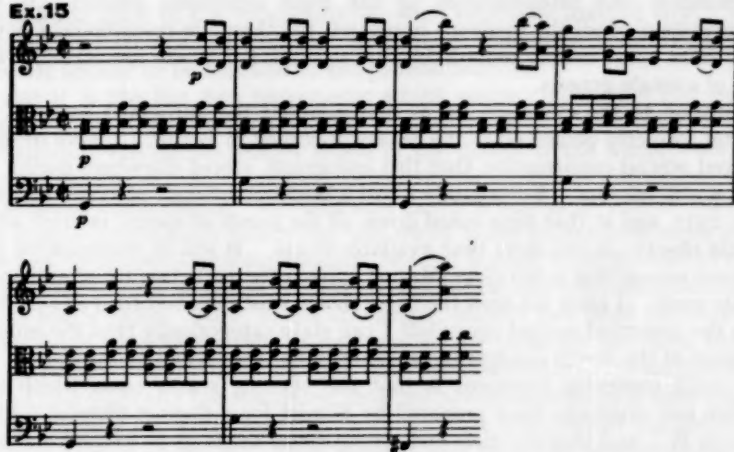
And finally in the resigned despair of the second *Adagio*:



The same basic type of expression is clearly to be found in the opening theme of the G minor Symphony, which invites comparison with the E flat *Adagio* theme just quoted.

¹ See Cobbett's *Cyclopedic Survey of Chamber Music*—article "Mozart".

Ex. 15

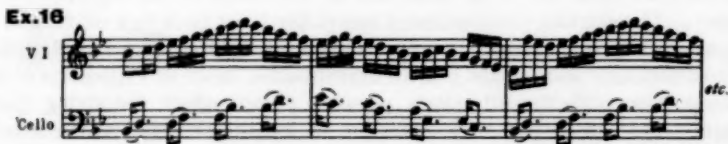


Now, concerning the relationships and parallels thus far considered, I am aware that I may have said little or nothing that is new. This brief survey must serve to emphasize what a full critical appreciation of the two works would make abundantly clear, namely, in the first place that in both works the unity of the whole rests, though not of course exclusively, yet to an unusual degree, upon the thematic interrelationships of its movements and, secondly, that the two works are intimately related to one another, not only in spirit and emotional content, but in their mode of utterance and in the vocabulary by which they give expression thereto. But it is my purpose in this article to submit evidence which will warrant us going far beyond this position in our appraisal of their relationship. For I shall claim that there is virtually conclusive evidence to show that in conceiving the Symphony Mozart deliberately took as his starting point an idea which originally occurred to him about fourteen months earlier as a possible solution to the problem with which he was then confronted, concerning the character of the movement which should conclude and resolve the Quintet. *The Symphony adopts and adapts as its main premise an idea discarded for the finale of the Quintet which, had it been adopted, would have perpetuated rather than resolved the emotional nexus and tension of that work.* It is not a sequel in the strict sense, not an aftermath to the experience of the Quintet. The starting point adopted inevitably leads back to a reliving of that experience, but the medium of expression is now different. The symphonic medium demands and evokes a more universalized mode of expression of ideas in comparison with the intimately personal record which the string Quintet permits. Pessimism and the oppression of an all-pervasive minor tonality, though still formidable, weigh less heavily upon the first three movements of the Symphony; and the spirit is less sensitively exposed to anguish than is the case in the Quintet. Accordingly, in the Symphony Mozart can face a conclusion which previously he found insupportable, namely not a resolution but a

perpetuation and intensification of the basic emotional conflict. If this interpretation of all the evidence is correct, the thematic resemblances noted, so far from being merely remarkable, are natural, not to say inevitable, symptoms of a single genesis.

Turning to the evidence, let us first consider the autograph score of the Quintet formerly preserved in the Staatsbibliothek in Berlin. I have recently received official confirmation that this autograph, stored elsewhere during the War, is still missing. Fortunately I had a brief opportunity of examining it in July, 1937, and at that time noted down all the points of special interest which I could observe in the short time available to me. It will be remembered that for some reason that is not clear, Mozart apparently made two autograph scores of this work. I have not seen the three sheets which are recorded as surviving from the imperfect second copy; but I can state categorically that the internal evidence of the Berlin autograph proves it to be the original manuscript. The first point deserving comment is that the opening staves upon which it is written had originally been prepared by Mozart for a clarinet Quintet ("Clarinetto in B"), and that the clefs and instrumental headings have been amended—in fact over-written—by the composer. It is, of course, inconceivable that a clarinet ensemble was ever directly associated with the conception of this work, but the fact I have noted supports Einstein's attribution to this date of the 93-bar opening of an *Allegro* in B flat for clarinet Quintet (K.Anh.91), as also of the 8-bar sketch for the beginning of an *Andante Rondo* for the same ensemble (described but not reproduced in the catalogue of Liepmannsohn Antiquariat, no. 55, 12th October, 1929, item 28). Undoubtedly Mozart entertained the project of writing three quintets at the time, but he completed the set (as is well known) by including the string quintet reduction of the Serenade for wind octet in C minor (K.406). These facts prompt the suggestion that, notwithstanding Artaria's note upon the publication in 1793 of the last two quintets (K.593 and 614) which reads "composto per un Amatore Ongarese", in Mozart's mind Stadler's clarinet Quintet (K.581) may have been associated with these as forming a second set of three quintets.

In my cursory examination of the autograph in 1937, I did not remark anything notable in the case of the first three movements beyond these two facts: first, that Mozart's original version of the violin I and violoncello parts in bars 72–75 of the opening *Allegro* (and correspondingly in bars 209–212) reads thus:



which in both cases he amended in the autograph to the version published; secondly, in the expression marks used in the development section the dotted minim notes in the *stretto* passage immediately preceding the *piano* pedal point

which leads back to the recapitulation, were originally marked *mf*. These markings are crossed out and each instrument marked *f*, a direction which does not appear to be followed in the printed editions.

But it is the last two movements which excite comment. The piteous G minor *Adagio* is a unique and most impressive phenomenon—*cette impasse de fatalisme*—the significance of which in the design of the whole work only becomes clear to us in the resolution, indeed the complete transformation, which the G major rondo effects. We may note that it is only in its last six bars that this *Adagio* irretrievably points the way which raises expectation of an imminent new movement—of some solution, be what it may, to its protracted mood of self-pity. But it is only in the last three bars that this solution is committed to the major mode. Now, in his autograph, Mozart had filled the staves of a right-hand page by the time he had reached the point six bars from the end of this *Adagio*. Of these last six bars, three are squeezed into the margin at the foot of that page and the remaining three are accommodated in a vacant space on the opposite left-hand page (that is to say, in a space before the opening of the movement in question). Thus, when Mozart turns the page to the opening of the G major rondo, he does so both literally and metaphysically.

It may be impossible to discern whether it was at this precise point that Mozart resolved the question whether to conclude the work with a minor finale or to allow the intensity of emotion to relax in a major rondo. But that he was much exercised by this problem, either at this precise point or at an earlier stage, is well evidenced from sources other than the autograph manuscript. First, we must note the opening 8 bars of a G minor rondo-theme (K.Anh.86, Mozarteum no. 19) of which the violin I part alone is completed on manuscript prepared for a string quintet. This opening, not completely quoted by Einstein, runs thus:



I think there can be no doubt that Einstein is right in believing this to be conceived as a possible finale-theme for the G minor Quintet. We should note that it is probably not a 'sketch' (in the sense of an '*aide memoire*' jotted down amongst other themes) but an incipit intended by the composer as he wrote it for fulfilment, but quickly abandoned (as nothing else appears on this sheet). We may note further that it maintains one of the outstanding characteristics of the associated G minor themes of the Quintet and Symphony—the initial pattern of:



which is so particularly emphatic in the Symphony's minuet, but which also in the major mode outlines the rondo-theme of the Quintet.

This, however, was not the only project for a minor finale. Let us consider the record of a most important sketch-sheet, an '*Erinnerungsblatt*' or jotting sheet, of which the contents do not appear to have been hitherto appreciated *in their entirety*. I refer again to the single sheet (of 10 staves per side), written on both sides, which was once in the André collection and which was sold by Leo Liepmannsohn Antiquariat on 12th October, 1929 (Auction 55, no. 28). The ownership and location of this important document have remained unknown and unrecorded since 1929 when it was purchased by Maggs Brothers of London.² The contents are fairly fully but not completely described in the '*Textband*' of the sale catalogue, but fortunately one side of the sheet was photographically reproduced (in reduced size) in the '*Tafelband*' (Plate XII). Naturally, there are several important references to this sheet in Einstein's *Köchel*. But curiously neither Einstein nor the auctioneer's descriptive note by Dr. Georg Kinsky makes any reference to one theme of 8 bars which occupies the 11th staff of the photographed page. As the sequence of entries on this sheet is material to my argument, let me briefly describe them.

We are concerned with what has been designated the front side (*Vorderseite*) which bears Heinrich Henkel's attestation of authenticity, though of course with such a memorandum sheet it may well be an arbitrary matter which side is given precedence. For after all it is just one of the composer's many odd sheets of scrap paper. In this case the so-called *Rückseite* was probably used first, for after two staves occupied with "*Idées pour l'opéra sérieux*" staves 3-7 contain in full instrumentation the first 8 bars of an *Andante Rondo* in E flat major for clarinet Quintet which clearly relates (as Einstein and others have observed) to the B flat *Allegro* (Anh.91) already mentioned; and as I have said the Berlin autograph of the G minor Quintet shows that its composition followed soon *after* that abandoned project. The two brief ideas "*pour l'opéra sérieux*" may of course date from much earlier than the spring of 1787, but conceivably they may relate to the project which so much occupied Mozart's mind at the beginning of this year of accompanying the Storaces to England, or even to first thoughts in connection with Bondini's offer at Prague which resulted in *Don Giovanni*.

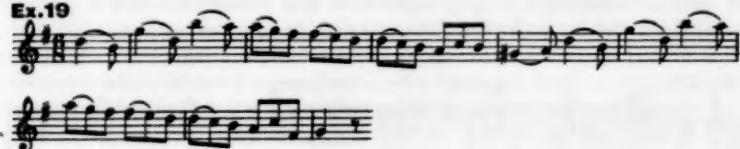
However, let us revert to the so-called *Vorderseite*. The first two staves headed "*Romance*" contain the greater part of the opening melody of the A major slow movement of the *Coronation Concerto* (K.537) composed nearly a year later (24th February, 1788). Even this fact has some bearing on my argument for, although it is conceivable that Mozart composed the Concerto without consulting or reverting to this sketch-sheet in February, 1788, it is more than likely that he did revert to it, whether deliberately or merely by

² Through the kind offices of Mr. Frank Maggs these have now been traced; but the information became available only on the eve of my delivery of this paper at Vienna. The MS was purchased in October, 1929, by the late Marquis Mayeda, Tokyo, for inclusion in his notable collection of autographs. Through the kindness of President Toshitatu Mayeda of the Mayeda Ikutoku Foundation, Tokyo, I have (at the moment of going to press) received full-sized photographs of both sides of this sketch-sheet.

happening upon it. And, if so, it is difficult to believe that his attention was not caught even if momentarily by some of the other ideas confronting him on that same page.

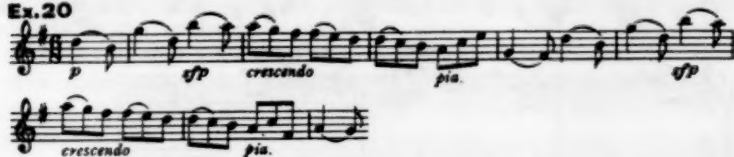
Staves 3 and 4, bracketed together, contain the melody and fully figured bass of an 8-bar theme in A flat major in two repeated sections, written as though for clavier. There is no heading, but we may fully accept Einstein's description of this as "*der Beginn eines Adagio, der unzweifelhaft als erster Gedanke zum langsamen Satz des [G moll] Quintetts zu gelten hat; es ist ein zweiteiliges Variationen-Thema*". To this I shall revert in a moment. Meanwhile, passing over the fifth stave, we see on the sixth stave the first sketch of the G major rondo-theme of the Quintet, in this slightly different form:

Ex. 19



A remarkable feature of this entry is that the whole theme has been struck through with six long strokes, apparently whilst the ink was still wet. There are no marks of expression beyond the phrasing—not even the all-important *sfp* on the top note. We may, however, observe at this point that in the Berlin autograph the marks of expression originally showed a *crescendo* in the bar after the *sfp* high B with a sudden *piano* on the low A, thus:

Ex. 20



The same markings accompany the second full statement of the theme, but Mozart had obviously changed his mind by the time he had reached the third statement which bears no marks but the *sfp*, and he struck out the earlier *crescendo-piano* directions, obviously feeling that so frequent a use of *subito-piano* produced a too highly charged emotional disturbance.

Now let us look back to see what we passed over on the immediately previous stave (no. 5). It is a theme of 8 bars in G minor in 6/8 time, whose occurrence at this point is indeed remarkable, for it reads thus:

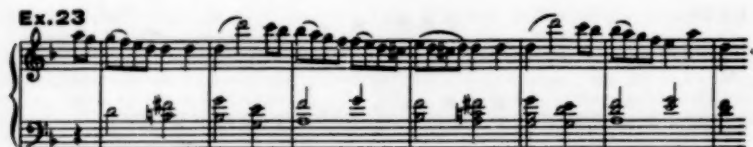
Ex. 21



Again there is no *tempo* mark, but it could only be *Allegro* unless indeed it was *Allegro molto*. Nor surely can there be any doubt but that this is the *original conception of that theme which a year later became the starting point of the G minor Symphony*. And, if we reflect how that Symphony begins, we shall note not only its theme but the instrumentation. *For at the outset it is scored for string quintet with divided violas* (see above, Ex. 15). It is just possible that this 6/8 theme itself has an ancestry, for as Professor C. M. Girdlestone notes in his book, *Mozart et ses concertos pour piano*, there is a G minor passage in the C major piano Concerto (K.467) catalogued by Mozart in March, 1785, which brings these later themes to mind. It is the solo entry theme which opens the secondary section of the first movement (bars 109-121)—a surprising intrusion of the minor mode, instantly interrupting the first emphasis of the dominant major, and introducing a deeply expressive and reflective mood of pathos far removed from the basic forthright optimism of the movement:



The coincidence here of motif (a) and G minor key is certainly striking, but the *tempo* and mood are relaxed in comparison with the urgency and tension of the Symphony. The passage suggests memories of the rondo finale of the immediately preceding D minor Concerto at least as readily as it arrests our attention with the temptation to regard it as a distant premonition of the symphonic theme—compare the second half (b) with the D minor Rondo:



This is in fact, as Professor Girdlestone has noted, not the only point at which the proximate influence of the D minor Concerto, completed only about a couple of weeks earlier, intrudes upon its successor, despite the fact that "*entre les deux oeuvres, le contraste est absolu*". At all events from the resemblance, such as it is, with the G minor Symphony we cannot possibly argue a relationship consciously recognized by the composer, whereas everything points to such conscious recognition or indeed intention in the relationship between the Symphony and the 6/8 sketched theme.

Now we must admit that it is just possible that this 6/8 theme was conceived for a first movement rather than for a finale, and indeed there is no absolute proof that it relates to the Quintet at all. But, having regard to its position on the sketch sheet, to the fact that Mozart as we have seen sketched another G minor theme in 6/8 which could only be for a quintet rondo (K.Anh.86), and to the fact that he eventually composed a Rondo in 6/8 (albeit in the major key), we can hardly escape the conclusion that it is one of his two tentative ideas for concluding the Quintet with a minor finale. I confess that for my part I really have no doubts upon the matter.

Can we detect the point at which Mozart abandoned the idea of a minor conclusion? Not perhaps with absolute certainty. For consider!—the unique fourth movement, the piteous G minor *Adagio*, however surprising (if not indeed confounding) it appears as it succeeds the E flat *Adagio ma non troppo*, is nevertheless fully explained both psychologically and aesthetically by the G major Rondo into which it eventually resolves. But is it conceivable that the G minor *Adagio* could have (at such length) introduced a G minor finale? One's first reaction to this question is to say "No! With a minor finale, the *Adagio* would be superfluous, inexplicable. A minor finale could only follow directly upon the conclusion of the E flat *Adagio*". But this answer is tantamount to saying that a work which in its first three movements has proved to be of a most exceptional character, astonishingly free from conventional procedures and associations, and pervaded to an exceptional degree by minor tonalities, must nevertheless conform to customary procedure in its conclusion, if that is to maintain the minor key. The G major solution of this Quintet is far removed from the simple, almost facile solution of the powerful G minor piano Quartet in its major rondo finale. The organic and spiritual transition in the D minor Concerto from a world of dark minor tonality to a new sphere irradiated by the transforming light of the major key provides a better starting point for appreciating this yet-so-different case of the Quintet. For a minor finale succeeding the minor *Adagio* might yet have reached a major resolution in its latter stages. It might even be embarked upon with the *intention* of pursuing the minor key relentlessly to the very end. It will be objected that neither of these schemes would seem credible having regard to the character and length of the *Adagio*. True! but that does not preclude the possibility that Mozart recognized this only after he had abandoned himself to the oppressive mood of the *Adagio* to the extent of writing some thirty or more bars of sustained, piteous and fatalistic melancholy. For the nature of the release when it comes is hardly that achieved by a resolute spirit either winning a

happy issue out of all adversity or else actively sustaining its burden to the end with undiminished vigour. On the contrary, it seems to spring (as Abert suggests) from the natural recrudescence of creative urge of a spirit brought to the point of exhaustion by its prolonged resignation to introspective and insoluble melancholy. It is nature's gift of a new vision to one who, whilst most obsessed with the anguish of his burden, finds in the instant that he relaxes his tension that his burden has been lifted from him.

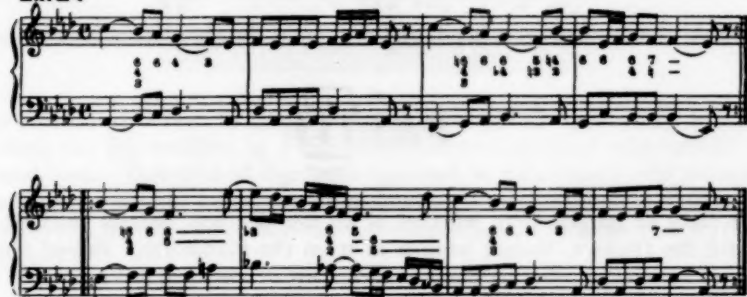
To my mind it is not inconceivable that the idea of a major finale came to Mozart only when he had written the greater part of the minor *Adagio*. It is, of course, not the only way to explain the unusual circumstances attaching to the last 6 bars of the *Adagio* in the autograph which, as we have noted, are neatly "tucked into" odd places before the page is turned to begin the Rondo. One explanation might be simply that Mozart found some personal satisfaction in starting this new movement with a new page (literally and metaphorically turning the page, as I have remarked). A second explanation could be that he began to compose the Rondo before he wrote down the *Adagio* that was to lead into it—possibly even before he had fully thought out that *Adagio*—and failed to allow himself sufficient space for it. The third explanation would be that he paused in deliberation after completing 32 bars of the *Adagio*, and that on resuming he began straight away with the major Rondo over the page and left the 6 linking bars to be filled in later. All this may be thought nothing but profitless speculation. Yet I cannot forbear to pose another question. Why should a man strike out the very theme he adopts, as Mozart does on the sketch sheet? It was not his practice to do so, and it could hardly be merely for the reason that there are some small differences between the sketch and the definitive theme. Such discrepancies abound in the Mozart autographs. One can imagine a man, quick in action, impulsively striking through a sketch in the act of turning from it to begin work immediately upon its fulfilment in definitive form. But another and perhaps more natural interpretation of these strokes would be that the theme, although eventually adopted, was at first deliberately rejected by the composer the moment he had written it: if so, what caused such a decisive gesture of rejection? Unwillingness to abandon ideas for a *minor* movement could account for such an action.

If such questions cannot be resolved, they serve to emphasize this:—all the evidence points to the conclusion that the finale of the Quintet confronted Mozart with a problem he did not solve without considerable deliberation.

Let us turn now to the sketches relating to the E flat *Adagio ma non troppo*. I have already referred to the 8-bar theme in A flat in two repeated sections, probably a variations-theme, which occupies staves 3 and 4 of this same sketch sheet. Einstein remarks of this "*Es ist bezeichnend für die Tiefe des Gefühlsgrunds aus dem dies Werk erwachsen ist, dass Mozart ursprünglich so weit in die Region der Unterdominante geraten ist*". This does not, of course, imply that this A flat theme was originally conceived with relevance to the G minor Quintet, nor indeed is there any evidence beyond the fullness of the figuring, which thrice demands a 5-note chord, that it was conceived for a quintet ensemble of any description. As a slow movement for a work in three or four

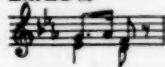
movements it could only relate to one whose basic key was E flat major, C minor or F minor. It could just conceivably have been thought of for the keyboard, though only melody and a fully figured bass are given. I quote this singularly beautiful theme:

Ex. 24

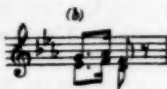


That the E flat slow movement of the G minor Quintet stems from this source there can be no doubt. It seems to me not improbable that the slow movement of the E flat Symphony (K.543) with its plagal harmonies and initial turn of phrase may also owe something to this warmly expressive and spiritual theme. Now in the Malherbe Collection in the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris there is preserved another sketch sheet which contains on its first two staves the opening six bars of the Quintet's slow movement, in most though not quite all respects identical with the quintet version, except for the fact that it is noted down as though for pianoforte. It is very neatly written, with full marks of expression except for the phrase markings which are not all complete. These six bars, headed in the margin, '*Adagio mà non troppo*', exactly fill the first two staves. (Incidentally the rest of the sheet on both sides is filled with lengthy sketches for a waltz, which is clearly a draft for the ballroom scene in *Don Giovanni* as is evidenced by the letters, numbers and double bars which mark it into 2-bar and 4-bar units.) It is perhaps natural to regard these six bars as just a sketch for the Quintet. But, quite apart from the extraordinary neatness of the writing and the calculated notation for the two hands of a pianist, we may note that in the half-cadence of the second bar the figure:

Ex. 25 (a)



is shown as customary in clavier music, whilst the Quintet has the un pianistic:



Furthermore, in the next two bars the dominant seventh chording is shown thus:



i.e. within the compass of a hand, and not, as in the Quintet, extended thus:

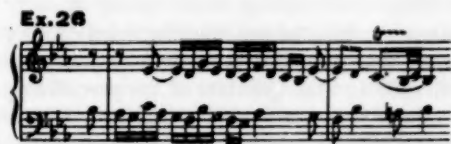


These facts all suggest that, whether or no the idea was already destined by him for the Quintet, Mozart worked at it on the pianoforte. Indeed one is tempted to wonder whether even at this stage it may not have been in his mind to make of it a deeply reflective single movement for the pianoforte, a personal document of a kind analogous to the remarkable and deeply impressive B minor *Adagio* (K.540) which he wrote in March of the following year; analogous even to another work of a very different spirit and emotional character, the piteous and indulgently chromatic A minor piano Rondo (K.511) finished on 11th March of this year—almost the immediate precursor of the great quintets—a work in which the element of self-pity is so apparent that it is difficult not to see in it a reflection of one aspect of Mozart's feelings upon the death in February of his close friend and exact contemporary, Hatzfeld, feelings which he described to his father at the end of that month in a letter which the Storaces mislaid, and which he again recounted in the well-known letter of 4th April. It is not irrelevant that our train of thought should have reached this A minor Rondo, for having regard to the strong associative power of tonality which we cannot fail to recognize in Mozart, it is not impossible that the experience of this Rondo has some bearing upon the A minor string Quintet (Anh.79) which Mozart abandoned after 72 bars and which Einstein (in my view, rightly) regards as "*Moll-Gegenstück zum C dur-Quintett; ein Gegenstück an dessen Stelle dann das G moll-Quintett getreten ist*". The autograph (4 pages)³ of this substantial 'fragment' is now recorded as being in the Biblioteca dell' Istituto Musicale G. Donizetti at Bergamo; an early copy of it made by Aloys Fuchs was recorded by Einstein as being in the Staatsbibliothek at Berlin. This, however, is a matter for a separate study and, before concluding this article, I must yet touch briefly upon two or three other points.

Reverting to the sketch sheet of which we have examined one side in detail I should record, if only for the sake of completeness, that the two staves (7-8) following the G major rondo-theme contain melody and bass of two hastily written sketches side by side, the first in E flat, the second with D major key-signature in the upper part only. The first, of two bars in 4/4 time, seems

³ The fifth page containing the last 15 bars is in the Mozarteum (no. 25).

to be a cadence passage rather than an opening. For us this brief point of *stretto* (Ex. 26) evokes memories of the E major *Adagio* of the A major violin Concerto (K.219):



The second, of 8 bars in 3/4 time, is an example of modulatory approach through the flat mediant to a dominant cadence, showing only melody and figured bass. This kind of digressive approach to a cadence in the secondary (dominant) section of a sonata-form movement is very common in Mozart, and it seems odd that he should have had occasion or need to outline such a passage in a sketch.



The melody has phrase-marks, and over the whole 8 bars runs a faintly marked enclosing line or phrase-mark⁴ (possibly only to distinguish it from the strokes of the pen which, as we have noted, run through the stave above, and with which the phrase-marks of this passage collide).

I know of no completed works with which we can connect either of these passages. The second suggests a movement of the character and motion to be found in the opening movement of the E major piano Trio (K.542). This, the only work Mozart ever wrote in E major, was the first fruits of that resurgence of intensive activity in composition to which Mozart himself refers as following immediately upon his removal on 17th June, 1788, to the congenial house in the Währingergasse. The Trio was completed on the 22nd and the E flat Symphony on the 26th. The *Allegro* of this Trio does, in fact, contain (in bars 74-88 and 215-229) gloriously expansive and elaborate examples of the kind of procedure briefly adumbrated in this sketch. However, the discrepancy of key seems to preclude any direct connection, though one wonders whether the resemblance of the first E flat fragment to the Concerto *Adagio* in E major, which we cannot fail to note, may not also have impressed itself upon Mozart, and possibly set a train of thought going which resulted in his unique choice of key for the piano Trio. Once again we have reached insoluble speculations.

⁴ The photograph now available shows that what I mistook to be "Cr:" (for *crescendo*) appearing above bar 5 is in fact "bis". The 8-bar enclosing line obviously relates to this, indicating a repetition of the whole.

But, if it should ever prove possible to identify with more certainty the connections of these two passages, it might well throw some light on the question whether this sketch sheet was still 'in circulation', so to speak, amongst the sheets Mozart was using or consulting in the spring or early summer of 1788.

This occasion does not permit of my dwelling upon all the parallels regarding tonality and character that may be drawn between the sequence of the three great symphonies of 1788 and the quintets of the preceding year. These have been remarked by others on innumerable occasions. I will instead make this one trite observation: whilst he was writing the symphonies Mozart was trying to sell the quintets. Whether he had made any unsuccessful attempts to place them with a publisher is unknown, but (as Einstein records) Mozart himself offered them to the public in April, 1788, inviting subscriptions by 1st July for three new quintets "*schön und korrekt geschrieben*", naming Michael Puchberg as his agent, so to speak. When on 17th June, in the second of the extant letters entreating Puchberg for financial assistance, Mozart writes "You need not be anxious about the subscription;⁵ I am now extending the time by a few months. I have hopes of finding more patrons *abroad* than *here*", he is obviously referring to the subscriptions for the quintets and not, as Emily Anderson surmised, to the Casino subscription-concerts⁶ mentioned in an earlier letter. He did, in fact, advertise on 25th June the postponement of the closing date by six months. What response he received we do not know. The two original quintets (C major and G minor) were first published in 1789 and 1790 by Artaria, the C minor not until 1792. It is difficult to understand why Mozart himself apparently made a complete second copy of the score of the G minor Quintet of which only the leaves numbered 9, 10 and 21 have survived. This second score was already imperfect when Constanze offered it to André in the letter dated 27th February, 1800;⁷ indeed her next reference to it (letter dated 31st May) reads "I have now sent you a few fragments of the Quintet",⁸ which suggests a few leaves rather than an 'imperfect score'. It has occurred to me that Mozart's reason for making this second score may be in some way connected with his subscription proposals, made at a time when he was desperately anxious about his financial position. The subscribers, were there any, would presumably have received sets of instrumental parts. But if there was a request (possibly from one of his friends, even from Puchberg himself) for a score of this work, is it perhaps conceivable that Mozart copied it himself, either to save a copyist's fee, or out of personal regard? But this hardly accords with the fact that this second score, in a very imperfect condition, was in Constanze's hands in 1800, and presumably amongst Mozart's papers when he died. A more likely reason would be that, having occasion to

⁵ Schiedermair no. 289, "Wegen der *Souscription* dürfen sie keine Sorge haben".

⁶ Schiedermair no. 288, "... mir nur bis künftige Woche (wo meine Academien im Casino anfangen) mit 100 fl. auszuhelfen;—bis dahin muss ich nothwendigerweise mein Subscriptions-Geld in Händen haben."

⁷ "Diese habe ich nun gefunden, und schicke sie Ihnen . . . zugleich mit einer mangelhaften Partitur zu dem Violinquintett in G mol . . ."

⁸ "Von diesem Quintett habe ich Ihnen izt einige Fragmente gesandt" (original texts kindly transmitted by C. B. Oldman).

send the original for some time to another person—a copyist, a publisher, or a personal friend—he had some special reason for wishing to retain a copy by him. Perhaps the superscription on the Berlin autograph may prove to have some bearing on this. For under the date in Italian style "*Viena li 16 di maggio 1787*" there has been added boldly in German style "*Landstrasse*", and above the date two (or three?) German words which (for lack of an exact reproduction) I have not been able to read—but certainly a request beginning "*bitte . . .*". It was not Mozart's custom to note his address when entering date and place on his scores. The purpose must be to advise the recipient of the score. He lived at Landstrasse (Hauptstrasse), no. 224 from 27th April until towards the end of the year.

* * * * *

This article has raised or renewed many unsolved questions, to some of which an answer in time may prove possible. It has not attempted a general study of G minor tonality in Mozart nor of the *complete* ancestry of these two works. Neither the Quintet nor the Symphony in fact lastingly exorcised the turbulent and anguished spirit that belonged to "Mozart's G minor", for it re-emerges in the heartrending opening of a G minor string Quartet (Anh.74), abandoned at the 25th bar, which clearly belongs, as Einstein says, to 1789. My primary purpose has been to argue that there is the strongest evidence for the conclusion that Mozart consciously and explicitly recognized, and intended, the common genesis which intimately relates these two great works.

The Entführung's 'Vaudeville'

BY

HANS KELLER

THE present essay is based on a letter I sent to one of our leading musicians engaged in the Mozart Year's operatic festivities, after he had expressed to me a vague feeling of dissatisfaction with the last number in the *Entführung*. My letter was intended to justify the structure; so far as its addressee was concerned, it succeeded. In submitting my argument in greater detail to the public, I do not anticipate that everybody or most people are dissatisfied with the 'Vaudeville' and have to be convinced of its spotlessness. What I do think is that the reason why my addressee felt uneasy about the piece is ultimately to be sought in the highly complex formal significance of a tune which, on the surface, may seem all too simple. This complexity is worth an analysis which, though it may not enhance an already sufficient understanding of the music, will, it is hoped, promote an understanding of such understanding: adult musical analysis ought really to fall into the same category of truth-seeking as the philosopher's theory of knowledge. In any case, after Mozart has been insulted during the past months by "appreciations" consisting of the kind of unvaried recapitulations which his creative mind abhorred, it would appear to be our duty to take leave of the Mozart Year by replacing the accumulation of Taste, of Spiritual and Balanced twaddle, by an attempt to say something new, however limited the news may be. Mozart always meant business, and it behoves us to appreciate his music in the same spirit.

I think no sensitive ear can deny a feeling of uneasiness, or at any rate of friction, pleasant and/or unpleasant as the case may be, in view of the five-bar phrase (x):

Ex.1 *Andante*

Belmonte

Nie werd'ich dei-ne Huld ver-ken-nen, mein Dank bleibt e-wig dir ge-

-weiht, an je-dem Ort, zu je-der Zeit werd'ich dich gross und e-del nen-nen.

My own feeling is entirely pleasurable, but at the same time I would immediately stress that I do not regard this effect in itself as a symptom of understanding—on the contrary: I can well imagine an ear which is too apathetic to hear the friction, and which, perhaps for this very reason, finds the passage very pleasing, while on the other hand I am convinced that my distinguished addressee's vague displeasure was a sign of at least partial understanding.

Within the total context of the work, the structural significance of (x) is—to put it in a single phrase—doubly retrospective and doubly prospective. Let me explain: retrospection first.

The 'Vaudeville' with its ensuing chorus is the third-act finale. There are two previous finales in the work, though, like the 'Vaudeville' itself, they are not so called, *i.e.* the quartet and the trio—significantly enough the only ensembles of their kind. Thus the finales form an arithmetical progression which stands out from the rest of the work: trio, quartet, quintet—for the 'Vaudeville' is, likewise, the only quintet. The first finale is, quite intentionally, the least substantial:

Now for the trio, *i.e.* the close of the first act. . . . The opening section is very short—and since the text lent itself to it I have turned it into fairly good three-part writing; but then, at once and pianissimo, the major mode starts which must go very fast—and the end will make a good deal of noise—and that is really all you need for the end of an act: the more noise, the better; the shorter, the better—so that people don't cool down before the applause.

[My translation of Mozart's letter to his father of 26th September, 1781; Emily Anderson's runs as follows:]

Now for the trio at the close of Act I. . . . It opens quite abruptly—and because the words lend themselves to it, I have made it a fairly respectable piece of real three-part writing. Then the major key begins at once pianissimo—it must go very quickly—and wind up with a great deal of noise, which is always appropriate at the end of an act. The more noise the better, and the shorter the better, so that the audience may not have time to cool down with their applause.

The second finale, on the other hand, is doubtless the greatest piece in the opera, a mature Mozart finale in fact, and whatever may be thought of Dent's suggestion that *qua* text "it is not very suitable for a finale" because "it makes a very poor curtain", the *musico-dramatic* finale effect is exhaustive; Mozart indeed took great trouble with it:

At the beginning of the third act there is a charming quintet [*sic*] or rather finale which, however, I should prefer at the end of the second act. In order to make this possible, a major change has to be made, in fact an entirely new complication has to be introduced, and Stephanie is up to the eyes in work.

[*Ibid.*, my translation. Emily Anderson's:]

At the beginning of Act III there is a charming quintet or rather finale, but I should prefer to have it at the end of Act II. In order to make this practicable, great changes must be made, in fact an entirely new plot must be introduced—and Stephanie is up to the eyes in other work.

[Mozart says nothing about "other work"; what he means is, on the contrary, Stephanie's work on this revision itself.]

That not even the Mozart Year has succeeded in realizing the character and weight of this finale is clear from the facts (a) that both Salzburg and Glyndebourne have deleted the *musically* necessary dialogue preceding, thus producing an outrageous cut from the B flat major cadence of Belmonte's third aria to the D major opening of the quartet; and (b) that Glyndebourne has ignored the latter's finale significance by splitting the work into two acts after "*Martern aller Arten*".

But this is the Freud Year as well as the Mozart Year, and it is time to wonder why Mozart slipped in his letter and wrote "quintet" instead of "quartet"—whether, in fact, he was guilty of a meaningful parapraxis. Now, as we have seen, the only quintet in the work is the 'Vaudeville', and by 26th September Mozart's unconscious may well have started to plan, or at least to desire, basic structural connections and indeed a firm unity between the last finale and the number which he wished to turn into the second finale by way of upsetting, somewhat guiltily no doubt, the whole plan of action and time-table of everybody concerned. One of the repressive agencies at the root of the parapraxis, then, would have been his uneasy conscience.

The musical evidence in support of this interpretation is overpowering:

Ex. 2 *Allegretto*

Pedrillo

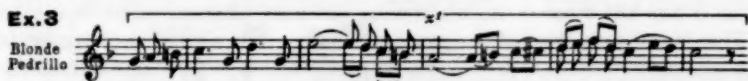
Liebste Blond-chen ach, ver-zei-he, sieh, ich bau' auf dei-ne

Treu-e - mehr jetzt, als auf mei-nen Kopf.

Ex. 2 is the penultimate (dominant) section of the quartet. Its basic motif (*a*) is the same, and means the same psychologically and dramatically, as that of the 'Vaudeville' ((*a'*) in Ex. 1)—gratitude for forgiveness, though in the case of the quartet, part of the gratitude is anticipatory because forgiveness has not yet been granted. To appeal for forgiveness by showing one's honestly-felt gratitude for it in advance is perhaps only possible in music: profound bribery without corruption. At the same time, another part of the gratitude is already very real: Pedrillo and Belmonte are grateful to Blonde and Constanze for their faithfulness.

Now, finale significance apart, the formal relation between Exs. 1 and 2 is far wider than the actual motivic derivation (*a'*)-(*a*). For one thing, Ex. 2 turns out to be vaudeville-like itself: hear how it is taken up by Belmonte in the bars immediately ensuing. For another and more important thing, there is the crucial quaver movement in the respective third bars ((β) in Ex. 1 and (*b*) in Ex. 2) and (pre-)cadential bars ((β') in Ex. 1 and (*b'*) in Ex. 2). In brief, the cadential extension of the five-bar phrase (*x*) in Ex. 1 harks back not only to the third bar of the same piece ((β) in Ex. 1) but, even more so in its rhythmic structure, to the dominant cadence of Ex. 2. We are thus approaching the solution of the odd bar—the surface extension in Ex. 1. It will be observed that Ex. 2 ends "on" rather than "in" the dominant (Tovey's terminology), the vaudeville-like repeat with Blonde's counter melody ensuing immediately in the tonic, to which the subsequent continuation likewise adheres. The 'Vaudeville' itself discloses a developing variation of this procedure: though still "on" the dominant, the cadence with its entire preceding phrase is more

"in" it than that of Ex. 2, and the repeated refrain, "*Wer so viel Huld vergessen kann . . .*", is needed to re-establish the tonic before the tune itself (Ex. 1) is repeated therein. This increased yet inhibited drive to the dominant means that the cadential extension is a compression of a suppressed square phrase *in* the dominant: the extra bar is harmonically needed to express the suppression, to establish the heightened dominant tension. The further course of the 'Vaudeville' furnishes a striking corroboration for this analysis: the cadential extension of Ex. 1 is the only phrase to be subsequently varied by Pedrillo and Blonde, and the variation, which ceases to fuss about the climb to the dominant, expresses the fact and feeling that after two statements of Ex. 1, the suppression of the complete dominant phrase has to be accepted without further help from the composer:



At the same time, the tension, the fore-pleasure-like, partial satisfaction and partial inhibition produced by the suppression, make the tune eminently repeatable.

I think it is obvious now why I regarded my addressee's displeasure as a sign of understanding: it would appear that he missed the complete dominant phrase and thus acknowledged, emotionally, the fact of the suppression, but for some reason the resultant inhibition was too strong for him—too "modern" if you like. Yet, as we shall see at the end of our investigation, Mozart may well have intended a certain kind and degree of pain.

Before I proceed to the second retrospective aspect of (x) in Ex. 1, which indeed is bound up with its prospective significance, I wish to make it absolutely clear that the structure of the 'Vaudeville' theme does not *depend* on its wider context: we have already seen that the quartet helps to explain the compression without having to justify it. In good music, the intra-formal validity of any sectional structure, be it only a straightforward variation in an orthodox variation movement, is over-determined rather than determined by its inter-formal significance: a section which does not make sense in itself is no section. Of course, the inter-formal sense must not be tautological, but must provide structural determinants on a different, deeper level. "Extended" structures should really be called stratified structures.

Dika Newlin, the terminological author of "progressive" and "concentric" tonalities (I have split the former class into "progressive" and "regressive" tonalities according to whether the tonal structure in question goes up or down the circle of fifths), has drawn attention to the "'operatic' tonal conception" that lies at the root of un-concentric tonality:

. . . key-consciousness in dramatic music . . . is of far less importance than in symphonic music. This has nothing to do with the question of atonality; it simply means that the composer, on the one hand, is much less likely to be concerned about the possible effect of several different returns to the same key in an operatic scene than in

a symphonic movement, and, on the other hand, that even the intensely musical listener is, by the same token, equally unlikely to observe such returns to a given key or to notice whether a scene begins and ends in the same key. This kind of nineteenth-century "operatic" tonal conception plays its part, not only in Mahler's composition *per se* but also in our perception of it. . .

I submit that Dr. Newlin has scored a near miss. Her observations about one's relative disregard of operatic keys ("at least in dramatic music of the nineteenth century", she adds by way of doubtful second thoughts) are extremely superficial because she puts the cart before the horse. It isn't that good opera is relatively unmusical and makes us forget about some of the things we insist on in absolute music, but that the dramatic element may help to achieve, within a new musical unity, a newly expressive disintegration which might not, to start with, be readily comprehensible in absolute musical terms, though as soon as it has lost some of its frightening newness, absolute music assimilates it. This is not only true of progressive tonality, but also of such innovatory disintegrators as melodic "prose", which partly stems from dramatic recitative, or *Tristan* harmony. As for progressive tonality itself, had the "horse", *i.e.* musical dramaturgy, and the "cart", *i.e.* a *modified* key-consciousness (as distinct from a "less important one"), been properly distinguished, Dr. Newlin or some later writer on the subject would not have missed the first example of outspoken and clearly-intentioned progressive tonality, which does not occur in a nineteenth-century opera, but in the *Entführung*. Nor indeed is it one of those "operatic scenes" which Dr. Newlin envisages, but one single number—Osmin's first aria. Mozart was quite conscious of his revolutionary step. He described it in a passage part of which has been widely quoted—but never in connection with its central theme, progressive tonality, of whose musico-dramatic origin it gives a wonderful description. I beg to note that Mozart's dramatic plan emerged from his musical conception: in fact, the text of the aria was written *a posteriori*:

I've told Stephanie all about the aria, and most of the music for it was finished before he knew a word about it.—You only have the beginning and the end, which is bound to have a good effect; Osmin's rage is rendered comical by the Turkish music. . . . While "Drum beim Barte des Propheten" is in the same tempo, the notes are quick—and since his rage ever more increases, the allegro assai—at the point where you think the aria has come to an end—is bound to be highly effective: it is in quite a different time and in a different key. For a man who is in such a violent rage exceeds all bounds of moderation, goes to extremes, and does not know himself—thus the music, too, must cease to know itself. But as passions, violent or not, must never be expressed to the extent of arousing disgust, and as music, even in the most terrible situation, must never offend the ear, but must nevertheless be enjoyable, and thus always remain music, I have chosen, not a key remote from F major (the key of the aria), but a related one, yet not the nearest key, *i.e.* D minor, but the farther one, A minor.

[*Ibid.*, my translation. Emily Anderson's:]

I have explained to Stephanie the words I require for this aria—indeed I had finished composing most of the music for it before Stephanie knew anything whatever about it. I am enclosing only the beginning and the end, which is bound to have a good effect. Osmin's rage is rendered comical by the accompaniment of the Turkish music. . . . The passage "Drum beim Barte des Propheten" is indeed in the same tempo, but with quick

notes; but as Osmin's rage gradually increases, there comes (just when the aria seems to be at an end) the *allegro assai*, which is in a totally different measure and in a different key; this is bound to be very effective. For just as a man in such a towering rage oversteps all the bounds of order, moderation and propriety and completely forgets himself, so must the music too forget itself. But as passions, whether violent or not, must never be expressed in such a way as to excite disgust, and as music, even in the most terrible situations, must never offend the ear, but must please the hearer, or in other words must never cease to be *music*, I have gone from F (the key in which the aria is written), not into a remote key, but into a related one, not, however, into its nearest relative D minor, but into the more remote A minor.*

The extreme disintegration is introduced by two sentences of intervening duologue:

Ex. 4 [Allegro]

Osmin: ...nimm dich in Acht.

Allegro assai

Pedrillo: Was bist du für ein grausamer Keri-und ich hab' dir nichts getan. Erst ge-köpft, dann ge-han-gen

Osmin: Du hast ein Gaingengesicht- das ist genug. *allacca* *p* *sf* *sf*

The explosive section, and with it the aria, end with an inconclusive A minor,

Ex. 5

und ge-taucht, - zu-letzt ge-schun-den.

[cresc.] *f*

which is but slightly mitigated, at any rate for those who have wider ears than Dika Newlin has found in the opera house, by the major mode, *i.e.* Mozart's characteristic 'love key' which ensues after a whole page of duologue between Pedrillo and Belmonte:

* For another alternative version see page 279 [Ed.].

Ex. 6

Recit.

Belmonte



Con-stante,

Now in order to discover the significance of Ex. 4 for (x) in Ex. 1, we have to switch forward to the eventual disruption of the 'Vaudeville', where one of the two prospective meanings of (x) becomes manifest:

Ex. 7

Allegretto

Ossia

...es ist nicht län - ger an - zu - seh'n, — mir starrt die Zun - ge fast im

stringendo il tempo

sf sf

Allegro assai

Mun-de, um ih-ren Lohn zu ord-nen an. Erst ge-köpft, dann ge-han-gen,

sf sf sf sf sf sf

etc.

Andante sostenuto

Constance. Blonde.

und ge-laucht, .zu-letzt ge-schun-den!

Belmonte. Pedrillo.

[cresc.] sf

Again, and for the same musico-dramatic reasons as in Ex. 4, "the music ceases to know itself", again the *allegro assai* "Erst geköpft, dann gehangen" "is in quite a different time and in a different key", and again Mozart proceeds from F major, now the key of the 'Vaudeville' and indeed the subdominant of the opera's soon-ensuing home key, "not to the nearest key, i.e. D minor, but

the farther one, A minor". This time, however, the disintegration is purely musical, not contrived by intervening dialogue, and the phrase by way of which it is achieved is (x^2), with Ex. 1's β^1 as the crucial point where it proves possible, for this well-defined and otherwise square tune, to go to pieces: Ex. 1's cadential extension is repressed by a *stringendo* phrase upon the 'German' variety of the chord of the augmented sixth on the submediant of the forthcoming A minor, complete with the consecutive fifths which the direct resolution on the dominant common chord necessitates. We realize now that the anti-symmetry and relative lability of (x) in Ex. 1 form the basis for Osmin's eventual destruction of the harmonico-rhythmic structure, a destruction that is identical in kind with, though yet more violent in purely musical terms than, the one which Mozart described with such relish—at a time when the 'Vaudeville' was as yet unborn. But increased disintegration creates the need for an increased basic continuity: that the 'Vaudeville' was constructed in definite view of its destruction is conclusively proved by the role which its characteristic upbeat plays, *via* Ex. 1's β^1 , in securing the continuity of Ex. 7: see (y) and (y^1) therein, and remember that (y^1) is originally Ex. 4's.

In one respect, to be sure, the disintegration finally turns out to be less violent: we are, after all, in the finale, and what was, in Exs. 4–5, an unresolved progressive tonality comes to be reintegrated, for the moment at any rate, into a tonally concentric context, for Ex. 7's sublime *andante sostenuto* ("Nichts ist so hässlich als die Rache") leads the structure back to F major and to the 'Vaudeville's' repeated refrain which, as we have seen, was needed to re-establish the tonic before the tune itself (Ex. 1) was resumed, and which is now provided with a square cadential extension because tonic confirmation has by now to be even stronger. On the surface, these changed circumstances express themselves in the notation: Mozart does not forsake his F major key signature in Ex. 7 as he does in Ex. 4!

We have noted that the cadential extension of Ex. 1 is the only variable phrase within the 'Vaudeville' proper. (Osmin's variation of the whole tune as far as he gets with it is a different matter: it marks the beginning of the disintegration and corresponds to the section "*Drum beim Barte des Propheten*" mentioned in Mozart's description of the disintegrative model of Ex. 7). Variability is the forerunner of replaceability: the *allegro assai* with the preceding *stringendo* and the ensuing *andante sostenuto* (see Ex. 7) takes the place of the cadential extension of Ex. 1, which is to say that it is inserted between the square antecedent of Ex. 1's (x) (see Ex. 7's (x^2)) and the refrain. Thus the suppressor is suppressed—for we have found that the cadential extension compresses an implied, complete dominant phrase. What was the dominant has become the dominant's relative minor. However, since the current tonic (F major) presently, *i.e.* within the same piece, recalls its basic and final significance, which is that of the subdominant, the A minor is also retrospectively invested with the significance of a relative minor. It is thus nearer home than it might seem and corresponds in fact, *qua* relative minor, to the D minor which Mozart points out he rejected for the disintegrative model of the 'Vaudeville' because that key was too close to the current tonic.

Every creative disintegration has only one war aim—a new unity. Reintegration can never be complete on the level that has been disintegrated; however profound a peace, it has to take the preceding war into account, it does not resume the *status quo ante bellum*. It is true that when the refrain returns after the *andante sostenuto* (see Ex. 7), the *status quo* seems re-established, but the wide-eared know that the illusion is short-lived: we must return to the opera's home key, which is the dominant of the current tonic. Thus, while one progressive tonality is "cured", another, wider one is created—under the determining and unifying influence of the widest tonal context, *i.e.* the concentric tonality of the whole work. The final C major chorus, that is to say, which reintegrates the total structure, re-disintegrates the 'Vaudeville' itself, and the result is the only Mozart finale with a progressive or un-concentric tonality—from F major to C major!* (The two other exceptions are (a) very partial and (b) not main finales: the *terzetto e tempesta* in *Idomeneo* starts in F and finishes in D, but owing to the recitative's overlapping D minor cadence the feeling of concentricity is never really lost. As for my second exception, the *Figaro* march with the chorus and the *Fandango* middle section ensuing, its magnificent tonal oscillations—presaged in principle though not in its harmonic scheme by the equally magnificent 'Romance' in the *Entführung* itself—would certainly produce a downright unbearable progressive tonality if the march stood by itself, but the C major chorus with the relative minor middle section establishes a very firm and single home key despite the G major opening of the march.)

And here we finally find the second prospective meaning of (x) in Ex. 1. The suppressed full establishment of the dominant hurt my addressee; perhaps it was, after all, intended to hurt. Absence makes the heart grow fonder, and the ever repeated absence of the luringly promised dominant stretch in Ex. 1 creates a positive passion for this degree, until in the end we yearn for it *as if it were the home key*. But this is the secret of well-integrated progressive tonality—the development of two home keys. Without (x), the final C major chorus ("... the more noise, the better; the shorter, the better—so that people don't cool down . . .") would be too short and slight to re-establish the opera's tonic: we should remain dissatisfied, with more dominant than tonic feeling. With (x), and on the basis of the late Professor J. C. Flugel's "principle of increase of satisfaction through inhibition", we embrace C major paradoxically as a home-like dominant. Progressive tonality is home from home.

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NOTE:—Owing to the fact that reviewers do not seem to have checked this translation against the original letters, it has universally established itself as a classic. Unfortunately

* We cannot fail to notice that the dramatic element is already far less in evidence in this progressive tonality than in that of Exs. 4–5: Mozart would have found it difficult to write an equally dramatic letter about the different *tempo*, time and key of the concluding chorus, and he did not in fact feel tempted to comment upon his harmonic innovation at all: nothing short of intra-musical analysis would have done, and his musical (as distinct from his dramatic) mastery was self-evident to him.

not even Eric Blom, one of the few potentially competent inspectors, can have gone to the trouble of examining Miss Anderson's work in extensive detail; otherwise he could not have come to the conclusion that she "always succeeds in giving the precise equivalent of the original". At the risk of diminished readability, I have kept my own translation of the excerpts quoted in the present essay as literal as possible, in order to offer the reader a chance to form his own opinion of Miss Anderson's versions. The truth is that her translation is partly excellent and partly wrong, and that in an illegitimate attempt to polish Mozart's style she has gone wrong more often than she would otherwise have done. In any case, there is no excuse for translating "Das erste, was angezeigt, ist sehr kurz" by "the trio opens quite abruptly", "und das ist ja alles, was zu einem Schluss von einem Akt gehört" by "which is always appropriate at the end of an act", "um das bewerkstelligen zu können" by "in order to make this practicable", etc.—to give only a few examples from my first two excerpts. (I have pointed to another one at the end of the second.) Since Eric Blom, in his recent selection from Miss Anderson's work, mentions her "making a considerable number of corrections" in his proofs, I have carefully compared his relevant passages with the excerpts here quoted, but the only divergency I could find was an italicized "*pianissimo*" and "*allegro assai*". Owing to lack of qualified criticism, the business of translation is in a state of anarchy. I have the greatest respect for large parts of Miss Anderson's translation, and if it is not unreserved it does at least mean something.

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The musical Symbolism in Thomas Mann's Doctor Faustus

BY

MICHAEL MANN

To talk about a great artist, on the strength of one's personal proximity to his work and life, is to assume a heavy load of responsibility. To write about my late father, Thomas Mann, and perhaps to fulfil this task with candour and yet without indiscretion, is facilitated at least in one sense: for Thomas Mann's biography—as a *Times* reviewer recently put it—is written exhaustively by and in his books. I should, then, hardly be in a position nor should I wish to tell you anything about him which you could not learn, directly or inferentially, from his novels. Besides, I can think of only few writers who have taken such pains as he did to point out, himself, the deeper meaning of these novels.

The inclination of the artist to "explain" his work, to declare its intention and interpret its message, which became so characteristic of nineteenth-century writers and composers, has often led to misunderstandings and futile controversies. And perhaps it would be wiser to regard such authoritative self-explanations as self-probings or inevitable self-interrogations. For it is a long way from intuitive conception to conscious awareness; and the artist may never cover the distance completely. There are many examples.

Some inquisitive lady, I remember, interviewed my father about what appeared to her an amazing intellectual construction in one of his novels: "How did you figure it all out?" she asked, "or didn't you?" "Yes and no!" he answered—"it just happens" ("*es passiert*"), "and it happens with pleasure".

My father was anything but communicative about his work with those close to him. He scoffs, in one of his stories, at certain "novelists" so absorbed with talking about their novels that they never find time to write them! Yet oddly enough, on occasion he wrote profuse letters to utter strangers, generously imparting to them accounts of one book or another of his—the receiver of such communications playing, I suspect, somewhat the role of an empty confessional-box. He always listened with interest, sometimes with surprise to the various interpretations given to his novels. For instance, on attending a Princeton lecture in which the reviewer linked the *Magic Mountain* with Richard Wagner's *Parsifal* and the Holy Grail: "Extremely interesting!" the author murmured, raising his eyebrows—which did not necessarily mean he disapproved of the interpretation: it was just news to him.

* * * * *

You may find in Thomas Mann's outlook upon his art a pre-romantic naiveté, so to speak, combined with deeply wondering concern; certainly the latter rose to unprecedented heights with regard to his last completed novel.

The author of *Buddenbrooks*, *The Magic Mountain* and the *Joseph* epic, who had come to look with detachment upon praise as well as criticism, showed an eagerness, an unwonted touchiness in the matter of any comments upon this latest work he came across—and there were plenty of them. He himself added to this exegetical literature some 200 pages of his own: the *Novel of a Novel* where he attempted to give an idea of the intellectual and emotional background from which the book in question had grown. Its title is: *Doctor Faustus, the life of the German composer Adrian Leverkühn as told by a friend*. We might have perceived already in this unusual explicitness of the title page a certain anxiety to put this novel, from the very first, in its proper place. Thomas Mann, who once wrote that "any title of a novel giving more than a mere name should really be regarded as *colportage*", gives here, in addition to the hero's name and profession (or rather vocation), not only express information about his (German) nationality; but hastens to indicate also the narrator's feeling toward the hero: feelings of sympathy—for, the story is "told by a friend"—though an utterly worried friend, as soon turns out. The dark shadow of the Faust legend, of the pact with Evil, which is cast over the story of Adrian Leverkühn, will give him good reason for his uneasiness!—But let me not anticipate.

"Let me not anticipate!" This phrase, recurring again and again in the course of the story as if to put the narrator back into proper discipline, is highly symptomatic of its spirit: a certain driven breathlessness, where deliberate pauses, the orderly divisions into paragraphs and chapters mean no more than to keep up the good manners of the novel. But these "good manners" are transgressed in many another way!

There is one particularly alarming aspect of this book: the question of identity of its characters. Alas, what novelist, after laying down his pen, has not found to his own dismay that, enveloped in his own world while dealing with living ideas, he had slipped into the costumes of living beings—who, watching with suspicion, were only too ready to recognize themselves in the literary mirror held up to them.

Thomas Mann had learned this early in life, when, after the publication of *Buddenbrooks*, he had to contend with the reproach of having abused the good citizens of his home town. "Desist, at last, from your inquiry" he exclaims in an essay dealing with such accusations, "'Who is this? and who is that?' I am drawing little figures, consisting of outlines—and if anyone stands in question to serve as a model, it is I! It is I". The good citizens of many another town had even less difficulty in recognizing their own features—or rather: those aspects which suited the writer's schemes—in the *Faustus* novel; in several cases he did not even take the trouble to change their names! Flesh and blood, they wander through the book, side by side with literary phantoms who dine at their tables and lounge in their drawing rooms.

The method is not entirely without precedent—the strange new contact established here between reality and poetry, cutting through from the latter to the former, absorbing the former, undigested as it were, into the latter or, rather, pasting the two together—it is the method of surrealism. The term

montage, which the author uses to explain this crucial aspect of his conception, has been used to describe similar phenomena in modern art and music. We may go back to the music of Gustav Mahler to apply the notion of musical *montage*, there, so to speak *ex-post-facto*: this has been done in an analysis by Ernst Křenek. Křenek refers to Mahler's way of writing simple, innocent themes or motivic features of an apparently obsolete character and then "mounting" the familiar material into a strange, new environment, by virtue of disconcerting contrapuntal combinations and oversized dimensions. And Křenek compares the resulting "shock-reaction" to "certain surrealistic devices which show the familiar living room through a distorting magnifying glass, as it were, and thus reveal it as a horror chamber".

The technique of musical *montage* is still in its evolutionary stage in the music of Gustav Mahler. In the hands of later composers it lost much of its incipient meaning and deteriorated into mere parody or other manifestations of musical cynicism. In Mahler's music, however, the significance of the *montage* principle is still fully apparent: it is to be understood as desperate retrospection. Romanticism as the over-powering desire to hold on to that which is no more; or—to expand our conception—to that which is not.

But, we may turn here, for the moment, from music back to literature: strip Mahler's nostalgia of its desperation and you have the early romanticism of Thomas Mann—the longing of Tonio Kröger, the artist, for the innocence of life; or the soft and timeless piano improvisations of Hanno Buddenbrook, the last descendant of a weary bourgeois family.

Yet it is precisely the recognition that the past is irretrievable and that otherness, the categories beyond our subjective self, ungraspable which drives the romantic artist forward. When Thomas Mann, half a century after the writing of *Buddenbrooks*, in his *Doctor Faustus* made his "late return home into the old German city and musical atmosphere of his first novel", the folds between his brows had deepened, and the amiable self-scepticism had assumed a grimmer physiognomy: it is the very existence of art, of culture and civilization which Adrian Leverkühn finds at stake—tradition has been turned into the "horror chamber". The "beautiful illusion" of art, the well calculated effect, which pleased the respectable man of a past century, will do no longer; art must do away with it, at any cost.

The alternative presents itself of transcending this present crisis above or below the dead-end. There looms, above, the spirit of presumption mocking at the limits of the human mind; and, below, the lure of the elementary, of returning barbarism. The book evolves on these two cultural levels and the "ominous duplicity" becomes manifest in the narration itself: whereas the world of the hero, Adrian Leverkühn, is still rooted in the over-refinement of the *fin-de-siècle*; the narrator is telling his story at a later time—the cultural low ebb reached in Germany with the catastrophe of the second world war.

The two planes are diametrically opposed. The common ground of extremes is radicalism: a radicalism where love has been replaced by ecstasy. The novelist provides a further link between the higher and the lower level of the book: the sickness of its hero by means of which he achieves his ecstatic

self-transcendence. Here is the realistic background for his Faustian "alliance with the devil". "It is a grave error of the historical legend", wrote the author, "that it did not establish any connection between Faust and music". Faust should have been a musician! He must have been a musician at heart. In this sense Thomas Mann improves on the mediaeval Faust legend.

I need not dwell here on the role which music plays in the *oeuvre* of Thomas Mann: critical thought and music—love of music and inner musicality of the word—are the very corner stones of his work. Here also is the basis of Thomas Mann's deep affinity with Friedrich Nietzsche; and it is doubtlessly the image of Nietzsche which became alive in the picture which Thomas Mann, while "standing to question" himself, drew of Adrian Leverkühn. Thomas Mann, however, in his love for music, shares not only Nietzsche's passion but, perhaps even more, his doubts. Nietzsche once wrote: "music and tears—I hardly know how to keep apart the one from the other . . .". This sounds highly romantic and is quite in keeping with our previous definition of the romanticism of Gustav Mahler. Yet it is also, and more specifically, highly German. Music and romanticism, Thomas Mann tells us, are inseparable in the German mind. Music is identical with the "song of nostalgia", the "song of death". And this song has a power which, in the hands of a magician like Richard Wagner, is able to subjugate the whole world.

Music, hence, for Thomas Mann, became "a Christian art with a negative sign", "the realm of the Demoniactal", "both calculative order and chaos breeding irrationality . . .". And if, in *The Magic Mountain*, it was left to Settembrini, the babbler, bluntly to call music "politically suspicious", the author is not too far from giving this his own endorsement when, in his essay on Germany, in the year 1945, he pondered heavily over the "musicality" of the German people.

But we are drifting toward the lower regions of our story: the disastrous solution of the cultural crisis in Germany's Third Reich—the sickness, and ecstatic self-transcendence by means of the sickness of a country.

The threads connecting the two levels of the story run forward and backward, upward and downward; "the magic of the word which is able to pull the upper down to the lower, the unrestrained and yet unquestionably genuine pliancy of language to exchange and interweave"—of which Thomas Mann can tell a tale—is fully at work: and it was by no means a slip of our attention that we have so far refrained from identifying Adrian Leverkühn with the "upper" or the "lower" level of the book. To be sure, the flight of his spirit is high; but it is the abyss below where he finally ends: a dark night of mental derangement. His mental breakdown (which ends the narration) happens simultaneously with the political nightfall in Germany, the initiation of the Third Reich; and he is reported to die about ten years later, early during the war. The parallelism between the two case-histories, the individual and the national, is obvious enough; and one might say that the difference consists mainly in the nature of the respective aspirations, for spiritual power in the one case and for political power in the other—the German "song of death" appearing in the latter case corrupted and distorted, as in a horrid, squeaking

gramophone record. The supreme aspiration of Adrian Leverkühn, in his breaking away from tradition, was to turn art into the instrument of a more immediate vision—again, an extremely romantic desire, according to what we have said earlier; and, ultimately, not so much a breaking away as rather an intensification of nineteenth-century romanticism. Understood in this sense, Leverkühn's aspirations parallel those of Thomas Mann's book!

The "novel" as an art form, opines T. S. Eliot—and Thomas Mann quotes him in his *Novel of a Novel*—may have outlived its function. If Thomas Mann was to succeed in his *Doctor Faustus* in passing beyond the limits of realistic fiction, elevating his book, as it were, into the sphere of biography and undisguised confession—how could the writer have failed to put Adrian Leverkühn, the composer, in touch with a musical world which really existed and in which romantic self-expression had been driven to its utmost limits. "Beauty exists but at the moment when the unproductive begins to miss it. The artist is content with truth." This could be a quotation from *Doctor Faustus*; but, every musician knows, it comes from other quarters. And here we have arrived at the central and most daring piece of "mounted" material in the entire novel: the incorporation into the book not only of the aesthetic-ethical outlook but of the very principles of the musical technique of Arnold Schönberg.

The reaction to Thomas Mann's synthesis of the heterogeneous materials of his novel has been utter confusion. There was even a sense of flattered self-complacency among German readers that their national catastrophe should have been interpreted in such lofty terms as the figure of Adrian Leverkühn. Whereas it goes without saying that Schönberg, when he beheld his ideas in the distorting glass, was beside himself. Some friends raked the fire, while others tried to explain, to pacify. It has been related that Schönberg—who had been on friendly terms with Thomas Mann for several years—on one of these occasions kept saying: "but, why on earth, if he needed some musical system, did he not tell me—I would have INVENTED one for him!" This could hardly have met the author's needs.

Maybe it was not so much the fact of the assumed plagiarism itself which excited Schönberg (for his anger did not subside even after Thomas Mann had inserted a note at the end of the book, making acknowledgement to the true owner of the property borrowed by Adrian Leverkühn); but the nature of the strange new environment in which his musical ideas appeared, and the function which they, supposedly, held in this environment—the fact of their getting involved with a sick-minded fictional character or even with German National Socialism. It was this which was too much for him! If I am right in this, both parties concerned, the flattered German reader and the hurt composer, make the same mistake: that of attributing a function to symbolism which it no longer holds in modern literature.

Henry James tells us the story of a man who, all his life, "waited for something to happen"—to find out finally that "waiting had been his lot"; and Franz Kafka tells us a strikingly similar story of a man who sits before an open gate, all his life, not able to enter it, to find out finally that the gate had been

kept open for him. Can we still ask about the "significance" of the story and the function of the symbols employed? The question has been asked over and over with regard to Kafka's novel (*The Trial* from which our story of the man at the gate is drawn): and it has been interpreted in the most divergent terms—esthetic or religious—even by Kafka's closest friends. It took an equally great artist—André Gide—to give the right answer. Deeply absorbed in Kafka's novel, he exclaims in his *Journal*: "The anguish this book gives off is, at moments, almost unbearable, for how can one fail to repeat to oneself constantly: that hunted creature is I!"

The answer evokes a familiar sound in our present range of ideas. However, this "it is I" has assumed a much wider meaning; it is no longer the writer or the reader, discovering his portrait or some more or less familiar surroundings; it has boiled down to what psychoanalysis might call an "arche-type" of human experience, gathered from time immemorial in the collective human soul and translated, here, into a picture from which it cannot be retranslated. This is the symbolism of the fairy-tale, the myth, the legend. There are many versions to a legend, and they may differ widely from each other. Human beings are turned into giants and angels, and *vice-versa*. "The sphere is revolving", writes Thomas Mann, "and it can never be made out where a story is ultimately at home . . . above or below. It is the presence of that which is rotating, the unity of duplicity, the statue with the name 'simultaneity'".

A survey of the *oeuvre* of Thomas Mann would easily show the increasing attraction exercised upon him by the legend and the myth—the "arche-type" of human experience. He seems to become slowly aware of this development from the highly personal to the super-personal, when he muses about one of his earlier novels: "One believes to be talking about one's own private affairs, and suddenly realizes that one is dealing with matters of most general interest!"

Thomas Mann could hardly have spoken in such terms of surprise about his rendering of the Faust legend. It is significant that, whereas all his former novels, including even the *Joseph* epic, had been planned as short novels to grow only in the process of writing—the *Faustus* novel is the first and only work which in its very conception is of huge dimensions: it is to embrace millions—in Beethoven's sense—and it is not by coincidence that it is the luminous figure of Beethoven which becomes visible behind the dark contours of Adrian Leverkühn. But it is an embrace not in joy but in pity and despair. The work of Adrian Leverkühn is the "revocation of Beethoven's ninth Symphony". Angels are degraded into tortured human beings—and there remains at the end but a prayer. Whether, however, it is Good or Evil which triumphs at the end of the Faust legend, it is the mutual encounter of Good and Evil which the "arche-type" of the Faustian experience envisages. To weld both together, or freeze them together, indeed, is the key-note of Thomas Mann's interpretation.

It is this overwhelming vision of coherence which transcends the "beautiful illusion" of art and transforms art into truth—the truth, though, shining through a maze of mutual reflections which in their correlations to each other can never be computed without a remainder. Yet, this is neither the sphere

of the aesthetic, as it still was comparatively in the case of the *Joseph* legend where the compounding of the "simultaneity of the stories" is bathed in a hilarious light of playful irony and beauty—where "form confounded makes most form in myrth"; nor is it strictly speaking the sphere of the intellect. But, form here becomes emotion—the emotion of holding together and thereby giving sense to that which otherwise would burst apart.

This emotion, to my feeling, is the point of departure which led to Thomas Mann's novel *Doctor Faustus*—and which led, in music, to Arnold Schönberg's 12-tone-system.

We may here retrace our steps: Thomas Mann chose Schönberg's musical world to mirror in it the conception of his book and, beyond this, to find in it the reflection of our present-day cultural crisis in general, in which the book is also felt to take an active part. The *Faustus* novel is a product of that crisis, not only by virtue of its subject matter; but even more so by its inner structure, its new approach to literary form—in regard to which the principle of *montage* and the resulting overthrow of the novel as an art form have been found symptomatic. One of the most characteristic forces which are brought into play in our time and accordingly in Thomas Mann's book, is the irrational; and again it is music, not only Schönberg's music but music in general, which becomes the central symbol for these darker sides of the human mind, and more particularly of the German mind, as embodied, on an ambivalent spiritual level, in the figure of Adrian Leverkühn.

But, let there be no mistake: the musical world of Adrian Leverkühn is not the musical world of Thomas Mann. When the writer used Schönberg's music in his literary equation, he was guided, quite certainly, by intuition and theoretical knowledge rather than by an immediate understanding of Schönberg's musical language. His ears rejected Schönberg's music. His was the world of Richard Wagner. He admired Tchaikovsky, loved Gounod and could delight in an aria by Saint-Saëns. And, while already immersed in the *Faustus* story he once innocently remarked: "If I were a composer, I should compose, perhaps, like—César Franck". How shall we explain this, one might almost be tempted to say paradoxical musical conservatism?

Perhaps, in his private life, the writer was still looking for the "beautiful illusion of art" which he denounced in his workshop? But it is more than this: Thomas Mann was still deeply rooted—and here we may say, like Adrian Leverkühn—in the *bürgerliche Kunst* of the nineteenth century. He clung to tradition wherever he could, in order not to lose himself in the spiritual adventure of his own artistic mission. Thomas Mann's musical taste is a legitimate part of these traditional ties. From them there resulted, even in some aspects of his literary work, the appearance of a certain conservatism; but, as the writer himself repeatedly remarked, it is a deceptive appearance. This returns us, through the back door so to speak, to our previously indicated analogy between him and Arnold Schönberg. With Schönberg, though, the case is intrinsically reversed: Schönberg clings to tradition in the underlying forms of his compositions whereas the surface texture of his music seems estranged from tradition. The art of music, one might generalize, is swept

away by the torrent of its own ever-changing law more perceptibly and with less resistance than the art of the word. And the relative strength of such a resistance in Schönberg's music can hardly be surmised by the ear of the layman. Hence Thomas Mann could not find in Schönberg's music what he found in the music of César Franck: the synthesis of Wagnerian romanticism and traditional musical formalism.

It is not for me to draw any closer together the "heterogeneous material" of these present contemplations—Arnold Schönberg and Thomas Mann. However, let me return for a moment to the time when the *Faustus* novel was written. The author describes a photograph of himself of that time as being "pallid in its features and of an esoteric sharpness", hardly in keeping with his usual appearance. Accustomed to fixed working hours in the morning, he was working overtime; he worked on the novel until late afternoon, and came to feel "a little hot and shivery" over it, much as did Leverkühn.

Later on, the suspicion may well have arisen in him that "when one has fever there are pretty lively goings-on in the system then too, and it may easily be that one involuntarily tries to find an emotion which would explain, or even half-explain the goings-on"—and certainly he gave expression to this when, a few years later, he wrote *The Black Swan*: a short novel dealing with the deceptiveness of nature—or, rather let me say, the deceptive functions of a nature attacked by disease.

There was "this heat in the face" and "these idiotic palpitations"; and they seemed to become inseparable from the work; but they turned out, more and more, to be a matter not of subjective emotion but of fact. He fell seriously ill. I very well remember that night. I had been playing for him—I do not recall what contemporary sonata. He was seated in his study, listening through the open door—and he retired before the end. While lying ill, some days later, he thoroughly enjoyed through his bed-side radio the Symphony by César Franck! It was like an illicit recess from the world he had to deal with, into the world he loved. But, after undergoing a serious operation, he completed—without palpitations and without heat in the face—his work of artistic propulsion and profound pessimism.

The correspondence which followed between him and Arnold Schönberg has become well known as far as the misunderstandings went, but unfortunately not any further: the world is usually more interested in friction than in reconciliation.

Schönberg finally announced peace. "Let us bury the hatchet" he wrote, "there will come some occasion, some eightieth birthday or so to celebrate our reconciliation in public". Schönberg died before his eightieth birthday—my father was destined to live on, after the completion of *Doctor Faustus*, for another decade.

There was formulated in these ten years still another after-thought to the novel, far more important than the one of *The Black Swan*: it is the motive of grace which became the destiny of Gregorius, *The Holy Sinner*. It may be well to recall here that the same saga had already been told *en passant* in the course of the *Faustus* novel. Gregorius failed as gravely as did Adrian

Leverkühn; yet, in *The Holy Sinner*, it is not Evil which ultimately prevails. But—to borrow the phrase of a poet—

“Justice, in one last endeavour,
wrests from Evil life's rich prizes,
and a kingdom new arises. . . .”

Arnold Schönberg translated this into a musical picture, in an early *a capella* chorus. Sopranos, altos and tenors begin quietly, with a scalewise descending motif to introduce the poem:

“As the shepherds heark'ning then,
left their flocks . . .
the angel's voice went on to sing,
heavens did not cease to ring:
'Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men!'"

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GLYNDEBOURNE

Don Giovanni: 2nd August; *Die Zauberflöte*: 3rd August

THE problems involved in the integration of *Don Giovanni* are legion. They may be subdivided into two main classes: those of dramatic expediency which in general Peter Ebert's production blandly ignored; and the difficulties to be overcome in the achievement of musical cohesion which were accentuated in this performance by the sudden indisposition of Elisabeth Lindermeier. The part of Elvira had therefore to be sung, at very short notice, by Doreen Watts—a member of the Glyndebourne chorus—and although she emerged from her ordeal with very great credit, the musical balance of the concerted singing deviated frequently and sometimes seriously from its prescribed pattern. The best features of the performance were Sena Jurinac's Donna Anna, Richard Lewis' superb singing of "*Il mio tesoro*", and Bryan Balkwill's incisive beat which drew correspondingly clean and precise playing from the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra.

Die Zauberflöte, one of Glyndebourne's pre-war successes last produced there nineteen years ago, is largely pantomime—much of it superficially absurd—with a unique power to move an audience time and again at unexpected moments. Vittorio Gui's careful moulding and leisurely *tempo* together with Carl Ebert's seemingly artless production displayed and enhanced the inherent magic of the score, demonstrating clearly what some of us already knew; that this is Mozart's greatest opera. Ernst Haefliger (Tamino), Geraint Evans (Papageno) and Pilar Lorengar (Pamina) were outstanding members of a generally satisfying cast whose only weaknesses were Drago Bernardic's Zarastro and Joan Sutherland's First Lady.

G. N. S.

BAYREUTH

THE RING

27th, 28th, 30th and 31st July, c. Joseph Keilberth

WHEN the history of our time's music criticism comes to be written, our Editor's changing attitude towards Wieland the Great will occupy one of the most intriguing chapters; the historian will have to explain a double *volte-face* which is beyond my own comprehension. In 1951, we read "of an amateurish ineptitude which almost beggars description". By 1952, "Bayreuth, in the capable hands of the composer's grandsons, strives mightily towards this end [of a perfect representation of *The Ring*] and stands as an object lesson to us all". In 1954, however, we return to the principal section of this ternary form whose contrasting middle section is eminently a-thematic: "it may be worthwhile to reiterate that confusion of styles is one of the marks of the amateur". Neither the difference between successive productions of the same work, nor that between the same producer's versions of two or more works, can possibly suffice to explain our Editor's dialectical metamorphoses, and I in my turn can only offer a faithfully thematic *coda* in harmony, that is to say, with the principal section.

Wieland seems to labour under the illusion that the alternative to his "revolution" is stuffy tradition. We, on the other hand, would suggest that the alternative to a dumb production is an intelligent production. We refuse to consider the problem in historical terms, and Wieland's own, obsessive concentration on the "innovatory" aspects of his productions shows that he is concerned with appearances rather than with the substance. The substance is Wagner's musical drama, which is the basis of his own stage directions. I don't say they are taboo, but it is. In other words, you can't change a stage direction until and unless you have discovered the musico-dramatic point behind it and are prepared to stick to it. In the whole Bayreuth *Ring*, there are hardly half a dozen instances

where Wieland shows any such awareness. I don't think he ever could, because, on the evidence of his productions, he simply isn't musical enough. Hans Pfitzner saw and foresaw the Bayreuth mess in the late twenties:

Amongst producers whose will is directed against the work, a new, terrible type has emerged: the unmusical actor who produces opera. It is the birth of operatic production out of the spirit of anti-musicality.

Mozart, Wagner and other genuine dramatists need not be changed; you can't change them without harming them.

If only this kind of producer had the moral courage to admit, "My motto is—everything must be different, cost what it may, even if sense and reason, work and creator perish in the process, if only I with my ideas survive."

We must differ at all costs! . . . The first thing that occurs to a "creative" producer is that he changes . . . left to right and . . . right to left. That's how he shows his independence. . . . The natural feeling of movement goes from left to right. . . . It is not, therefore, a matter of chance that most stage directions cause the main action to proceed from left to right. The left is, as it were, the main side.

"He's got no ideas" will be the verdict on producers who produce *out of* the work, not into it from the outside.

"Scenic Fantasy on the Opera so-&-so"—that would be an honest title. . .

Bayreuth is the ideal place of which Wagner dreamt to begin with, and which never existed.

I recommend strict adherence to Wagner's . . . directions not because I wish to serve the letter rather than the spirit, nor out of a false sense of piety or some sort of aesthetic theory, but simply because they cannot be improved upon; any deviation would merely lead to inferior solutions.

In the whole of Wagner's work, and despite all its fantastic happenings, we invariably find strictly realistic stage directions.

"Not where concessions are made to time and fashion (or whatever swaggering words you want to use instead); not where it is believed that Wagner has to be improved; but where he is performed according to what he himself has put down, where the sum total of what he has written is brought to life by an empathic mind—that is where Bayreuth is situated.

Unfortunately we have not the space to quote Pfitzner's downright uncanny preview of a considerable number of actual details in Wieland's *Ring*. At the same time, Wieland contradicts not only Wagner's stage directions, but also, quite consistently, the words with which the *dramatis personae* describe, or react to, each other's and their own appearance and actions. As a result, and with the help of his place-less and empty sets which give no clue to the action, a state of theatrical affairs is reached that constitutes the exact opposite of the purpose of the operatic stage, which is to communicate the story as directly as possible and so to leave the mind free to absorb what, after all, the whole thing is about, the *musical* drama. It is my job to acquaint myself with a great deal of bad art, but so far as sheer stupidity goes, Wieland's "innovations" reign supreme in my experience. They owe their partial success to the unmusicality of Bayreuth's audiences: Wagner has always attracted a powerful body of people who don't care about any other music.

Down below in the orchestral pit, which Wieland partly uncovered this year by way of unsuccessful "experiment" (and therefore speedily re-covered), Joseph Keilberth proved largely unable to mitigate the visual impression; on the contrary, in one instance he apparently had his own inane "innovation" to offer—or, if it was again Wieland's "idea" in Pfitzner's sense, the conductor must still be held responsible for accepting it. At the end of *Rheingold's* second scene, that is to say, we were treated to the electronic clang of anvils which not only tore our ear-drums as well as the texture, but actually made it impossible to follow the harmony. Otherwise, both the interpretation and the orchestral execution were mediocre almost throughout the cycle, in spite, or because, of the galaxy of virtuosos in the festival band. The audience swallowed it all happily, except for this tragic series of accidents: an excellent trumpeter, Willy Neugebauer of

Cologne, muddled the Sword motif in the *Walküre* on several occasions, owing to a mechanical fault in his instrument. Each failure was accompanied by a chorus of *espressivo* gasps of delighted anger, for music criticism is a disease whose symptoms are not confined to professional manifestations; on the contrary, the critic is but a bridge between inartistic tendencies at the reception end and any real or imaginary faults at the production end. It was a truly disgusting exhibition.

On the stage, finally, there were great moments. Unlike 1952 and like 1951 and 1954, this year saw the same singer in the parts of Wotan in *Rheingold* and *Walküre*, and of the Wanderer in *Siegfried**—Hans Hotter who, though not as superb as in the new *Meistersinger*, was usually responsible for the most musical sounds in the theatre. Gustav Neidlinger repeated his penetrating study of Alberich, and Paul Kuen that of Mime. Josef Greindl sang not only, as in 1952, Hunding and Hagen, but also Fasolt, and made an imposing job of the three, so far as producer and conductor graciously allowed him to do so. Last but not least, Gré Brouwenstijn's Sieglinde and Guttrune: in view also of her Eva and her Leonora in Holland this year, one need not be a prophet to fore-hear that much, perhaps everything, is to be expected from this fascinating musical personality in the near future.

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H. K.

THE novelty of this year's Richard Wagner Festival in Bayreuth was the "new" production of *Die Meistersinger*, staged by Wieland Wagner. It was indeed new, as far as the staging was concerned; the music, of course remains the same. It is the curious anomaly of Bayreuth that the music is sacrosanct: not a bar of the original score is cut or altered. But one cannot help wondering what Wieland's grandfather would have said to the staging.

The curtain rises on a quite unforgettable scene. The entire chorus is facing the audience as if the auditorium were where the altar of the church would be. Eva and Walther stand at either side of the stage, gazing into each other's eyes across the congregation. A panel of carved wood, suspended mid-stage and a few wooden choir stalls suggest strongly the Gothic style. The impact of this scene is enormous; it is a stroke of genius.

Imagine our surprise when the stage set of the second act is revealed. One's first reaction is to ask whether this is still the same opera. Nearly the entire stage floor is filled by Wieland Wagner's celebrated "disc"—a large, circular kind of podium about a foot high. On the left is a large globe of flowers, suspended high in mid-air. On the right is a small "bush", crowned with a small replica of the larger globe. Left and right are two small benches. That is all. The usual gingerbread houses (Sachs' and Pogner's) just aren't there. When Beckmesser sings his serenade, it is to an imaginary lady in the imaginary window of an imaginary house. The only small concession to realism is the small work-bench and the hammer that are brought out so that Sachs can beat an "accompaniment" to Beckmesser's serenade. This is required by the score. During the first part of the scene a group of female dancers plays ring-around-the-rosy in one corner.

* They don't call him the Wanderer in Bayreuth nowadays; he's just Wotan. "Everything must be different". Not that this particular change matters much, but for that very reason it is symptomatic of the obsessional tendency to change—never mind what.

The night watchman, dressed in black and curiously illuminated, slinks about the stage like the bogey-man. This makes him universal and symbolic. The riot scene at the end of the act is also symbolic and most abstract. The aroused citizenry is divided into several well-disciplined teams, which advance to the centre of the stage and then retreat with remarkable precision. (The problem is to know which team is which, however; all the citizens are dressed alike.)

The riot was expertly calculated, and it was carried out with an orderliness that would delight any Prussian general. But it was no riot; or it represented the soul of the epitome of the abstraction of a universalized riot.

Act three, scene one, takes us back to the Gothic period. Sachs' studio is furnished sparsely but in excellent (mediaeval) taste. We are now back to a rectangular conception of the theatre, *sans* disc. Just as we have convinced ourselves that we are, in fact, seeing Wagner's *Meistersinger* after all, the curtain falls. And when it rises on the second scene, we are no less positive that it is Bizet's *Carmen*. For now we see a bull ring—or rather a segment of one. Although the citizens have changed their clothes since the riot or match of the previous evening, they are again, by some strange coincidence, all dressed exactly alike, in a pale, somewhat sickly yellow, to match the other decorations in the arena. In the centre of the stage is, need we relate, the disc.

The last scene, as everyone knows, depicts the day of the great singing tournament. But before that begins, the city fathers of Nürnberg (or could it have been Wieland Wagner?) have arranged for a high-class variety show that includes some very fancy gypsy dancing. Now the apprentices, who should have been dancing during the floor show, come in to the music of the *Meistersinger* and during this stirring march, which is usually (in old-fashioned productions) accompanied by great pomp and the waving of banners, set up the stage for the *Meistersingerbeckmessergegenjunkerwalthermusikwettbewerb*. Now the *Meistersinger*, who (in old-fashioned productions) would have been entering all this time slowly, come in in a body, and the contest or bull fight can get under way. It turns out to be a singing contest, suggesting that we may have been in *Die Meistersinger* after all.

It would be gratuitous to belabour the inconsistencies of this production. From the above it will be clear that it is dominated by two diametrically opposed and mutually irreconcilable conceptions. We might call them the concrete and the abstract, the timely and the untimely, the mediaeval and the universal, the circular and the rectangular. There were some spectacularly effective moments, but they were too infrequent.

Fortunately, an opera is meant to be heard as well as seen. For those who closed their eyes and listened, this was a *Meistersinger* "for the books". The cast was spectacular: Hans Hotter as Sachs, Gré Brouwenstijn as Eva, Wolfgang Windgassen as Walther von Stolzing, Josef Greindl as Pogner, Karl Schmitt-Walter as Beckmesser, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau as Kothner and Gerhard Stolze as David.

The unpredictable Wagners of today had a splendid idea when they engaged the French conductor André Cluytens, who imparted to the score a lightness of touch and a sparkle that is all too often missing. There was no heavy-footedness in this performance, and no bombast.

The operas of Wagner, moreover, sound in the Festspielhaus in Bayreuth as nowhere else in the world. The magic tone of the invisible covered orchestra must be heard to be appreciated; it cannot be described in words. The brasses no longer assail the eardrums, nor do they overpower the singers. The text, which is usually unintelligible in other opera houses, can be understood.

MUNICH AND SALZBURG

THE Munich Festival opened with a revival of Richard Strauss' *Die Aegyptische Helena*—perhaps the last revival of this opera for all time. We are grateful to the Munich State Opera for having given us a chance to hear this almost-never-performed work. We are equally grateful that we shall in all probability never have to hear it again. It is very

close to being Strauss at his worst—and that is quite poor indeed. The story is obscure, rather stupid, and much too involved to recount here. The score is slick, expert, effective, even brilliant and—empty. These are the gestures of a composer who knew his trade too well. It is music of effects that fails to be effective because it is devoid of substance. The best that can be said of it is that it gives the singers a chance to show their stuff. Particularly is this true of the role of Helena, which is killing difficult and strenuous. Honours of the evening went to Leonie Rysanek, who sang splendidly, even at the end of the opera, when most sopranos would have given out long since. Annelies Kupper was an excellent sorceress, and Bernd Aldenhoff sang the part of Menelas with aplomb. Joseph Keilberth conducted a performance that did the work full justice. Unfortunately the scenery emphasized the main quality of the music, which can best be described by the German word *Kitsch*.

The Salzburg Festival was devoted almost exclusively to the works of its most prominent citizen, Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. There was no world *première* this year, as has otherwise become the post-war custom. And a very good custom it is, too—one which will be continued next year, it is assumed. Unfortunately the Festival management seems to feel that the outdoor Felsenreitschule attracts music lovers, since it continues to stage some of the operas there: this year *The Magic Flute* and *Don Giovanni*. No musician—and no sensitive music lover, for that matter—can be happy over this practice. The tradition of staging performances in the Felsenreitschule goes back to the days of Max Reinhardt, who, however, used this open-air theatre for performances of Goethe's *Faust* and not for opera. It is conceivable that some operas might be successfully staged there, but not Mozart! The stage is broad and shallow, so that what is being sung at one side is practically lost to the audience on the other side; and even what is sung in mid-stage is largely swallowed up by the great open spaces. Delicate shadings and nuances are practically impossible under these conditions.

In *Don Giovanni* the singers were obliged to sing *alta voce* most of the time, and this became monotonous. The only exception was the Zerlina, Rita Streich, who sang softly and could scarcely be heard. Nevertheless Cesare Siepi gave a fine performance as the Don; Lisa della Casa was a superb Donna Elvira, and Fernando Corena an excellent Leporello. Dimitri Mitropoulos conducted with authority and flexibility, moulding a melodic line that reached from the beginning to the end of the opera.

In *The Magic Flute* the star of the evening was the conductor, Georg Solti. He brought to the score a depth of understanding on the intellectual side that was combined with the highest class of musical perception, producing a musical whole that pulsed with life. Although this opera supported an outdoor performance better than *Don Giovanni*, one would nevertheless prefer to see it indoors.

The Abduction from the Seraglio in the intimate, charming Landestheater was a sheer joy. It is difficult to explain the relative neglect of this enchanting work, which contains some of the most endearing music of Mozart; the combination of dramatic and lyrical elements with good, old-fashioned horseplay is unique. *The Abduction* is in some respects, to be sure, less perfect than the three great Mozart operas; but in recompense it has the serenade and the final 'vaudeville' of the third act, two of the most naively sophisticated pieces in opera literature. Under the expert baton of George Szell the performance was full of sparkle. Kurt Böhme, as Osmin, came very close to "hogging" the show. He is the Osmin *par excellence*, and he obviously enjoys every minute of it. It is this fact that saves the day. The rest of the cast included: Erika Köth as Constanze, Lisa Otto as Blondchen, Rudolf Schock as Belmonte and Murray Dickie as Pedrillo. The team of Nehrer and Schuh, who have been responsible for some of Salzburg's best productions in the past, missed the boat. The scenery and costumes and the stage direction left much to be desired.

Rarely does one have such a cast for *The Marriage of Figaro* as was assembled in Salzburg this year. The singing was close to perfect: Elisabeth Schwarzkopf as the Countess, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau as the Count, Irmgard Seefried as Susanna, Erich Kunz

as Figaro and Christa Ludwig as Cherubino. And despite the "galaxy of stars" that were brought together in this performance the ensemble and the ensemble numbers were distinguished not only by their precision, but, what is equally important, by the wonderful blending of voices and by the subtle ebb and flow of the musical stream, such as characterize a truly great performance. Credit must be given to Karl Böhm, under whose baton this musical miracle took place. The fact that the stage sets bordered on the ugly was unfortunate, but one soon forgot them.

During the last days of August the International Conference on "Opera in Radio, TV and Film" was held in Salzburg under the joint sponsorship of the International Music Council of UNESCO and the Austrian Radio. For seven strenuous days and nights invited experts in these three fields gathered to exchange information, discuss common problems and demonstrate specimens of their work. Representatives of over twenty European and American countries were present. Papers were read by such authorities as Peter Adler (NBC, New York), Henry Barraud (RTF, Paris), Mario Labroca (RAI, Rome) and many others, and the papers were followed by discussions. Unfortunately the papers and the accompanying illustrations were of such length that little time was left for real discussion. Nevertheless, the comments of such speakers as Virgil Thomson, Gian Carlo Menotti, Kenneth Wright, Rolf Liebermann, Gottfried von Einem, Boris Blacher and Nicolas Nabokoff, to mention only a few, contributed much to the conference.

The conference was concerned with the problems arising from the transference of stage operas to the mechanized media of radio, TV and film. It is perhaps regrettable that much of the time was spent talking about arrangements of already-existing operas and relatively little about the creation of new ones for mechanical media. Menotti's comments in conjunction with the showing of his own film, *The Medium*, were significant: although he had reworked the theatre piece for film he was not entirely happy with the result and would have preferred to have filmed an entirely new opera composed exclusively for the purpose.

Regarding the mechanical reproduction and adaptation of stage operas, one school of thought favoured a practically "literal translation", in which the opera in question is broadcast, televised or filmed in its opera-house form. Others felt that the mechanical media call for extensive explanation and/or rearrangement of the original work. In radio, where the visual factor is absent, for instance, this group considers it necessary to add commentaries in one form or another. Peter Adler pointed out that he cuts large sections of operas when he televises them—particularly those sections which demand a large apparatus. He feels that these are not suitable for television, in which more intimate scenes are more effective. Adler demonstrated his theories by showing telerecordings from his productions of Britten's *Billy Budd* and Menotti's *Amahl and the Night Visitors*. Most of the delegates appeared to favour a compromise solution as exemplified in Menotti's *Medium*, in which he retained most of the original work but augmented it with scenes that only a camera could realize. The fact that the film adaptation was made and directed by the composer himself is perhaps the chief reason for its success. Dead composers do not always fare so well.

What can happen when a producer becomes "camera-happy" was more than adequately demonstrated by Walter Felsenstein's film based on Beethoven's *Fidelio*. While the music of Beethoven went on normally the screen showed clouds, trees, torrents, clouds, avalanches, lightning, clouds, forest fires and (we seem to recall) the kitchen stove. The actors leered, grimaced, smirked and posed in the most impossible ways. To make matters worse, the film was doubled—that is, one *heard* the singers but *saw* other figures who were acting (and how!), and the synchronization of gestures and lip movements was haphazard. The conference expressed its feeling by jeers, whistles and uproarious laughter.

That the camera, judiciously employed by a producer of taste, can add something to an opera was made clear by the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation's telerecording of Ravel's *L'Heure Espagnole*. The new Italian film of Puccini's *Tosca* was also convincing

in this respect. A few discreet shots of Rome and its surroundings were quite in keeping with the otherwise almost literal reproduction of the stage opera.

It was not assumed that the conference would provide clear solutions to the many problems still confronting the translation of opera to mechanized *media*. But the exchange of views and experiences and, above all, the demonstrations on tape and film of what is being done in various parts of the world should provide an impetus to further progress.

E. H.

MUNICH

Richard Strauss. *Capriccio*, 20th August; *Die Aegyptische Helena*, 21st; *Die Frau ohne Schatten*, 23rd; *Der Rosenkavalier*, 25th; *Salome*, 26th; *Arabella*, 28th.

In addition to the six works just listed, this year's Munich Festival also staged *Elektra* and *Ariadne*, *Lohengrin* and *Meistersinger*, *Entführung*, *Idomeneo*, *Figaro*, *Così* and *Zauberflöte*, and also provided a Strauss concert and six ballet performances. The Festival's Mozart tradition, if you can call it that, is not to be envied; but Professor Rudolf Hartmann who runs the State Opera is a great Straussian with much to impart to those who are willing to learn.

The Festival's only performance of *Salome* was a case in point. This was a superbly integrated presentation, with the fire and intensity of the magnificent score given their full value by Joseph Keilberth who never allowed either the *tempo* or his own concentration, or ours, to flag. Not all the stage directions were carried out to the full, and more could have been made of the arrival of Jochanaan's head on its silver shield; we should see Herod hide his face, we should be made to notice Herodias' smile of satisfaction and the Nazarenes should be seen to fall on their knees and begin to pray. But with the personality of Christel Goltz (*Salome*) drawing all eyes and keeping our attention fixed, it is possible that more was attempted in these respects than in the result was seen to be done. Lilian Benningsen (*Herodias*) and Josef Metternich (*Jochanaan*) were outstanding members of a thoroughly competent cast.

Capriccio also reached a very high standard under Robert Heger's direction. But although this "conversation-piece" seems to improve with every repetition, the material, both musical and literary, is surely too thin to be expanded into a two-hour session. It is less easy, however, to suggest precisely what might be cut—certainly nothing from the last half hour. Lisa della Casa (*Countess*) and Kurt Böhme (*La Roche*) lent exceptional distinction to a stimulating evening.

For the rest, Joseph Keilberth conducted *Aegyptische Helena*—a tiresome piece of which Everett Helm writes on page 326—and *Arabella* in which, rather surprisingly, Alfred Poell took the part of Mandryka; fine artist though he is, he has not the voice to carry it off, with the result that the performance could not fully sustain itself. *Frau ohne Schatten* and *Rosenkavalier* were directed by George Sebastian who failed to extract all the juices from either. Lilian Benningsen (*Amme*) and Josef Metternich (*Barak*) in the former, and Otto Edelmann (*Ochs*), Hanny Steffek (*Sophie*), Hertha Töpfer (*Octavian*) and Alfred Poell (*Faninal*) in the latter, did everything possible to mitigate our disappointment.

Six performances comprising two of the highest class and four comparative failures do not appear to amount to a very convincing aggregate; but three of these were near misses, while *Aegyptische Helena* was well staged but failed through its own intrinsic weakness.

G. N. S.

BERLIN

THE history of the six-year-old Berlin Festival is one of ups and downs. This fact is not surprising, since a certain amount of experience and "routine" is required for the successful functioning of so large an undertaking, and such experience comes only from actual doing. The 1956 Festival gave the strong impression that Berlin is now "over the hump". There was none of the confusion that has prevailed in former years as the result of last minute changes in programme, poor planning and/or organization, etc. The programme was carefully thought out, offered a wide variety of "attractions", and came off without a

hitch. In this form the Berlin Festival is worthy of a place alongside the major festivals of Europe.

West Berlin has the advantage of having a large reservoir of "native talent" on which to draw. The six theatres, the Städtische Oper, the two symphony orchestras (Berlin Philharmonic and Radio Symphony Orchestra), the Berlin Chamber Orchestra, a number of chamber music groups and many excellent soloists who make their headquarters in Berlin provide the backbone of the Festival programme. In addition to these, a liberal sprinkling of visiting organizations and soloists gives the Festival a truly international character. This year's guests included the Ximenez-Vargas Spanish Ballet of Madrid, the Alessandro Scarlatti Orchestra of Naples, the Edinburgh Festival Company, the New York City Ballet, Jean-Louis Barrault's theatrical troupe from Paris, Our Lady's Choral Society from Ireland, Peter Pears and Benjamin Britten, Andrés Segovia and others.

For the visitor to Berlin, however, the local productions are of primary interest, and this year's Festival presented much that was out of the ordinary. The major event was the world *première* of Hans Werner Henze's opera *König Hirsch* in the Städtische Oper. This young German composer came into sudden prominence shortly after the war as an *enfant terrible* and the leader of the new German school. A pupil of Wolfgang Fortner, he wrote in a highly dissonant twelve-tone style that was based more on the works of Webern than on those of Schönberg. In 1952 he migrated to Southern Italy, where he has lived ever since. Few new works of Henze have appeared in the intervening years, during which he has been occupied almost exclusively with the new opera.

The musical style of *König Hirsch* came as a great surprise to many. Henze has left the camp of the *avant garde* and adopted a much more "traditional" style. The influence of Italy is everywhere apparent: in the vocal writing, which has many elements of *bel canto*; in the harmonic idiom, which makes use of tonality, harmony, common chords and the like; and in the general "atmosphere" of the music, which cannot be described in words. Henze himself freely admits the importance of the Italian influence and, more specifically, of Neapolitan song in the development of his new, non-serial style.

There are highly dissonant passages in *König Hirsch*, and several that betray Henze's twelve-tone past. But dissonance is used as a means to an expressive end, not as a given stylistic factor; and consonance is used in the same way, with a resulting enrichment of the musical vocabulary. This attitude towards dissonance as an expressive means has certain parallels with the technique of Alban Berg, just as certain passages in the opera recall (with differences in personal style, of course) Berg's music.

For the story of *König Hirsch*, Henze and his librettist, Heinz von Cramer, have gone back to a play of Gozzi, *Il Re Cervo*, which in turn is based on elements of an old Persian fairy tale which has countless more modern variants, including "Beauty and the Beast". It has to do with the metamorphosis of a human being into an animal and *vice versa*, in this instance of a king to a stag and back again. Cramer's version is not wholly successful, resulting in an unhappy mixture of fairy tale and Kafka. The psychological overtones of the fairy tale, which might better have been left to make their own point, have been unduly accentuated in this modern version; some of the lines which are intended apparently to be full of "significance" are in effect platitudinous and border on the ridiculous.

What should have been a high point of the Festival proved to be the major disappointment. The Städtische Oper's performance of Busoni's rarely-heard opera *Doctor Faust* was nothing less than catastrophic. With the exception of Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau in the title role, the singing was mediocre. The staging was poor, the scenery unimaginative. One had the impression that the score itself has many weaknesses, as well as many remarkable passages, but it would be unfair to pass judgment on the basis of this miserable performance.

Other performances of interest included a concert by the Berlin Chamber Orchestra, conducted by Hans von Benda; appearances of the Berlin Ballet in which Giseler Klebe's ballet *Fleureville* received its world *première*; and Boris Blacher's ballet *The Moor of Venice*, performed by the ballet of the Städtische Oper with choreography by Tatjana

Gsovsky and magnificent *décor*s by Jean-Pierre Pounelle. The Festival closed with a concert of Stravinsky's works conducted by the composer himself. The Radio Symphony Orchestra (formerly RIAS Orchestra) appeared unable to follow Stravinsky's beat, and the ensemble left much to be desired. The evening was more in the nature of a tribute from musical Berlin to one of the greatest composers of our time. E. H.

A MATTER OF STANDARDS

Luzern: 1st September. Philharmonia Orchestra, c. Fritz Reiner, with Walter Gieseking.

Royal Festival Hall:

23rd September. Saxon State Orchestra (Dresden), c. Lovro von Maticic.

25th September. Boston Symphony Orchestra, c. Pierre Monteux.

29th September. BBC Symphony Orchestra, Chorus and Choral Society, c. Otto Klemperer, with Anny Schlemm, Grace Hoffman, Anton Dermota and Josef Greindl.

THERE are people, even including some knowledgeable and enthusiastic musicians, who, despairing of ever attaining perfection, have resigned themselves to putting up with what our British orchestras choose to present in the way of performance. In consequence great composers are travestied almost every night to bemuse a half-baked public with no collective standards whatsoever. The slaughter of orchestral music under such conditions furnishes a new kind of circus peculiar to the present day and, provided no one tries to equate the result with music, it remains a sore on the face of London's culture—but a sore which this journal can ignore. Too many listeners, however, mistake these abortions for living music, which must be our excuse for labouring the difference between the quick and the dead.

On the strength of the Philharmonia Orchestra's concert with Fritz Reiner the Swiss who were present could well be excused for taking an altogether too favourable view of British orchestral playing; indeed they could hardly do otherwise. Reiner paraded *Carnaval Romain* with much the same effect which Beecham evoked with the London Philharmonic on a memorable night in October, 1932, and followed it with an interpretation of Strauss' *Zarathustra* which knit that old rag bag together so skilfully that it almost seemed a masterpiece. There are, of course, many good pages in the score, but also much rubbish shot through with hot air and bombast. After the interval Gieseking joined the Orchestra in Beethoven's G major Concerto but could not match Reiner's overall grasp of the design. The elder pianist produced some beautiful phrases but seemed unable to assemble the pieces into a coherent whole. Thus, unfortunately, Beethoven went for very little, but the playing was bright and lively and seemed spontaneous—being helped, no doubt, by the Hall's clean acoustics and short reverberation time.

By comparison London's Festival Hall now seems slow, ponderous and woolly; and one suspects that it has been progressively "damped" since 1951 so that our orchestras shall not be exposed so mercilessly for the second- and third-rate conglomerations that most of them are. Three concerts given by the Saxon State, the Boston Symphony and the BBC Symphony orchestras provided collective evidence which must have seemed conclusive to every experienced listener who paid proper attention. Given reasonable competence in other departments, a symphony orchestra stands or falls by the quality of its strings (and, possibly, horns!). The Saxon State and the Boston both provided extensive practical demonstrations of the virtues of uniform bowing, uniform phrasing and "bows off the strings" in contrast to what Mengelberg used to describe with menaces as "TER-der, TER-der". Of contemporary British orchestras only the Philharmonia really understand these *minutiae*, as they proved in Luzern, whereas even they when at home quite frequently disregard them.

Other virtues of the Dresden Orchestra were a firm and resplendent brass tone which never became harsh, and consistently accurate articulation of detail together with careful balancing of departmental sonorities. These two latter characteristics were no doubt attributable to Lovro von Maticic who gave exemplary interpretations of *Leonora III*

and Brahms in C minor on either side of a very skilful *Tod und Verklärung* in which he emphasized its best features and managed to hide most of the weaknesses.

Monteux built his programme round Brahms in F which he played with what the journalists called "Gallic clarity" and found generally unconvincing; a verdict which was the more surprising in view of the exact balance, both static and dynamic, which he rightly saw to be fundamental to Brahms' conception and never allowed to falter from first page to last. A breezy account of Rossini's *Italian Girl* opened the concert which ended in a blaze of glory with an anonymously contrived Suite from *Rosenkavalier*. There was also an alleged Symphony—no. 2—by Paul Creston who, the programme told us, "In harmony, composition and orchestration [*sic*] . . . is entirely self-taught". The implication of pride is inexplicable.

Klemperer's performance of Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis* has been hailed as a revelation from which there has so far been but one dissenting judgment. In a sense it was; but of the shortcomings of the BBC Symphony Orchestra rather than of Beethoven's message. There were bound to be moments, for which we were truly thankful, in which the grandeur of Beethoven triumphed over the manifest deficiencies of the performers, but these were few and one was almost consistently conscious of the unlovely sound produced by the BBC strings and the general roughness of the playing compared with the beauties recently distilled for us by Reiner, Maticic and Monteux. Anny Schlemm, Josef Greindl and the Chorus were the best features of a distressing evening—marred particularly by a persistent difference of opinion between conductor and leader as to the proper accentuation of the solo violin's contribution to the *Benedictus*.

G. N. S.

The New in Review

BY

HANS KELLER

(1) SHOSTAKOVITCH

SHOSTAKOVITCH's fiddle Concerto, op. 99, played by Rostal with the BBC Orchestra under Sargent at a "Prom" on 22nd August, does not live up to the expectations roused by the most original thoughts, of which there are many, in his tenth Symphony. The structure is poor and the texture often amateurish. Of the four movements, only the third, a *passacaglia*, shows the composer's genius, and even here his consistently unrealistic attitude towards the question of octaves in the solo instrument results, at one point, in the opposite of the effect intended, which is that of a textural climax. Shostakovich is no Mozart: virtuoso requirements don't inspire him; in fact, he can't fulfil them. David Oistrakh, to whom the work is dedicated, seems to be good not only at octaves but also, alas, at tenths (hear the second movement, a *scherzo*) and, of course, various kinds of fast passage work, and Shostakovich's attempts to oblige have resulted in textures which range between partial inaudibility and utter senselessness. Formally, the introductory *nocturne* is even worse than the *burlesque* finale, owing to its inability to establish (a) contrasts and (b) thematic characterization. To congenial minds, the resulting monotony may give the appearance of awkward depth, and in a way the impression would no doubt be justified: there are symptoms of unexpressed depth all over the place. But to say that the predominating dotted rhythm and its contour are intended to lack definition and antithesis would mean that the movement is intended to be bad. It is this basic idea, moreover, the weakest of all, which subsequently acquires more than one cyclic meaning: a bore never gives up. For the rest, the severity of our criticism is a measure of the greatness of Shostakovich's mind, *i.e.* of our disappointment.

(2) MALCOLM ARNOLD (AND ALUN HODDINOTT)

Another composer, this, who at the moment is disappointing earlier expectations. Both the *John Clare* Cantata, op. 52, and the piano Trio, op. 54, are weak works disclosing insufficient self-control. The preceding *Tam o' Shanter* Overture, op. 51,* on the other hand, though slightly over-scored, shows Arnold's irresponsibility at its most original and full-blooded; and as for the second Symphony, op. 40, this still remains, to our knowledge, his last outstanding achievement, even though it is already three years old. Since the present feature has changed its policy, concentrating, that is, on the worthwhile new rather than whatever happens to be the newest, we propose to disregard Arnold's more recent compositions and to revert to the second Symphony, which the composer himself conducted at a "Prom" on 8th August (BBC Symphony Orchestra).

Arnold used to be a trumpet player, whence critics invariably point to his wonderful orchestration. Since they don't know anything about either playing in an orchestra or orchestration, they think it's a safe guess to say that orchestral-player-composers are good orchestrators, and that their practical experience has been "invaluable". Criticism of orchestration is, in fact, one of the greatest swindles in a profession rich in swindles of the most diverse kinds. Now there is no doubt that owing to his excellent if somewhat rough ear, Arnold is a natural orchestrator, but to call him at this stage, as the programme note† did, "one of the most skilful orchestrators now living" (which attainment is attributed to the teaching of Gordon Jacob and Arnold's own trumpet playing), is absolute tosh: skill is in fact one of the few accomplishments which his orchestration sometimes lacks. As an elementary example from the second Symphony, I would cite his treatment of *subito piano*, especially in quicker *tempi*. In the scherzo, at letter D and again at letter G, for instance, the horn entry and the oboe and clarinet entries respectively are fatally injured by the preceding *fortissimi*. This is the kind of mistake which orchestral-player-composers are in fact particularly liable to make, because things sound different from their positions, and a *subito piano* in particular is more readily perceived within the playing body. In order to make quite sure that my critical reaction was not partly determined by the acoustics of the Albert Hall, I borrowed the record of, again, Arnold's own performance, and found my impression (which indeed can be formed on the basis of the score alone) confirmed. It's no good saying that these entries are a necessary part of the composition: no doubt they are, but they shouldn't be, and when Arnold has become "one of the most skilful orchestrators now living", structural junctures of this kind won't occur to him in this form. The problem has of course always existed and often depends on the performer's or conductor's understanding co-operation for its solution, even in supremely orchestrated scores. In the finale of Tchaikovsky's Fourth, for example, at the second, B flat minor entry of the Russian folk tune, a critical textural point is reached owing to the preceding *fortissimo cum* cymbal clash, and if the conductor goes straight ahead the most important juncture of the movement, i.e. the entry of what proves to be the second sonata subject, is completely lost. However, understanding conductors, even those of opposite characters, like Furtwängler, Beecham and Karajan, have always made a pause at this point, as indeed Tchaikovsky's sharp articulation invites them to do. (This kind of interpretative "liberty" is invariably stigmatized as "arbitrary" by the critics.) That the composer was fully conscious of the problem is moreover shown by the first, A minor entry of the folk tune in the middle of the first subject, where the horn minimis (*fortissimo* → *diminuendo*) which introduce the ensuing dominant pedal form a dynamic bridge to the actual entry. Thus, when the thing happens for the second time, it can happen more abruptly: the listener is already prepared for the event. In the Arnold, on the other hand, there is no preparation, nor is there any chance for the conductor to do anything, since the structure is continuous in either instance.

Needless to add, as a genuine compositional problem this question almost always arises in works for full orchestra. It needed a genius to commit the same kind of blunder,

* Misprinted as "op. 52" on the cover of the Paterson miniature score.

† References at the end of our article.

perhaps even more serious in degree, in a Concerto for clarinet and strings. The man who has achieved the impossible is Alun Hoddinott. In his work of this description, op. 3, first performed in London by Gervase de Peyer and the BBC strings under Sargent at a "Prom" on 5th September, the clarinet's reprise of the finale theme is thus introduced by the strings:



This is the Concerto some of whose textures the programme note described as "producing at times an almost Mozartean limpidity and sparkle". Redlich, far more to the point, concludes his review of the printed score with the suggestion that "Hoddinott badly needs some more aural experience and would be well advised to postpone publication until he has achieved a higher degree of technical skill and a higher level of personal expression". Meanwhile, the fact that this uncorrected student's exercise was chosen for inclusion in the "Proms"* raises a critical point of the greatest importance. If the "Proms" have any real musical purpose at all, it is the painless propagation of new music. One or two works apart, this year's selection of contemporary compositions was an outrage, and nobody can blame Promenaders if from now on they turn their backs on the music of our time.

The second problem in the Arnold Symphony which engages our attention is the structural function of the concluding section in the profoundly original sonata form that is the first movement. In his otherwise quite outstanding stenographic analysis of the form, which is more informative than many a full-length article, Winham says that "[the] exposition's transition forms [the] *coda*", and Mitchell likewise points out that "the bridge-passage . . . goes to form the *coda*". What is a *coda*? In tonal music, a concluding structure, most often based on the principal theme, which confirms the tonic, whether tonically or by way of modulatory emphasis. "There is no limit to the range of key in Beethoven's larger symphonic codas, but there are inexorable conditions for the direction and distribution of the modulations. The wider they are, the more cogently must they converge on to the home tonic" (Tovey). Now our so-called "*coda*" is stably in A major, the key of the second subject and the one furthest removed from the tonic (E flat); it evinces neither a modulatory confirmation of the tonic nor principal thematicism. The truth is that Arnold is here able to introduce what, harmonically, amounts to a second second-subject stage, owing to the facts (a) that there is a great deal of tonic confirmation throughout the movement which returns to E flat before the development, and (b) that the development is itself tonally stable, in a C major which, so far as tonality is concerned, almost assumes the significance of a middle section or central rondo-episode, as opposed to developmental modulations. In the thoroughly tonical recapitulation, the second subject is enclosed between two statements of the first, the *second* of which corresponds to the *first* of the three tonic statements of this main theme in the exposition. The only essential thing, then, that is still "missing" after the recapitulation of the first subject's first statement is the material of the bridge passage, which therefore naturally emerges at this second harmonic second-subject stage. The real *coda* is quite short (4 bars) and founded, conventionally after this unconventional excursion, on the basic motif, which thus gives its final confirmation of the basic key. It remains to be added that our terminological

* Not to speak of the fact that it was first performed at the Cheltenham Festival, 1954.

criticism has nothing to do with pedantic classification, but aims at establishing one of the many aspects of Arnold's novel formal invention. (The enclosure of the second subject within the first and the dissociation of harmonic and thematic second-subject stages both owe a good deal to Tchaikovsky who, however, uses these procedures in a vastly different fashion which, in the present context, I must not be tempted to enlarge upon.)

(3) LENNOX BERKELEY

Ruth, first performed by the English Opera Group under Charles Mackerras at the Scala Theatre on 2nd October, has come in for unfair comment. It is no masterpiece, but it seems Berkeley's weightiest effort to date, with several touches of great beauty and without any technical flaw of the more primitive kind. Its most derivative thoughts, which are invariably indebted to Britten, are less embarrassing than any of the ideas in Holst's amateurish *Sāvitri*, which the English Opera Group, for musically indefensible reasons, chose to revive during the same season; and when one remembers the fuss made about the pretentious and unmusically twaddle that was Tippett's *Midsummer Night's Marriage*, Berkeley's clear-eared textures, conscientious structures, and strictly functional tonalities (including bitonalities which mean something both to the ear and to the dramatic mind) assume the significance of a rescuing angel, at any rate for the general public; for the technical incompetence of our critics seems to be beyond the possibility of salvation.

Eric Crozier, the librettist, and the composer have conspired to write an undramatic, pastoral, lyrical opera in one act and three scenes. Good luck to them if they have succeeded: it is not up to the critic to object to the limitations which a creator has to impose upon himself, and which are indeed among the conditions of creation. On the other hand, if they did not succeed, the question still arises whether they failed within their limitations, or because of them, or both. It is my opinion that if one considers the work as a whole, and despite its merits, Berkeley has failed within his limitations, which in themselves could have proved fruitful for his creative character. He has not been able to maintain a sufficiently high level of invention and to establish sufficiently strong contrasts. As a result—and this surely is an elementary fact which every critic worth his salt should immediately have noticed—there simply is *too much triple time*, both literally speaking and applying the concept to such compound duple and quadruple metres as manifest a strong triple pulse owing to their *tempi* and/or rhythmic articulations. Of the twenty-nine numbers, there are no more than seven without triple pulse! The reason why some sort of invention is easier in triple than in duple or quadruple schemes is that "common" time and its relatives are common enough to offer a far more neutral background than triple schemes; in other, slightly exaggerated words, a triple background has already done part of the invention for you.

Among those most outstanding beauty spots which do not seem to have attracted critical attention, but without which contemporary music would be markedly poorer, are the following:—

Scene I

(1) The short B minor introduction (home key) with its cadential pauses in A, F sharp, and E flat. (2) Ruth's highly thematic F major aria (see below, Scene III, (5) and (6)), "Whither thou goest, I will go. Where thou lodgest, I will lodge". At the point, "Where thou diest, I will die", a profoundly inspired climax is reached. (3) Naomi's G minor aria, "Ah, call me not Naomi,* Let Mara† be my name". Again, under the same words and melodic phrase, a deeply felt and climactic structure arises, *quasi*-sequentially, within a matter of 17 bars.

The best parts of *Scene II* have, I think, been mentioned by other reviewers.

* Hebrew for "pleasant".

† Hebrew for "bitter". See *Ruth*, I/20: "And she said unto them, Call me not Naomi, call me Mara: for the Almighty hath dealt very bitterly with me".

Scene III

(4) The songs and dances of the annual harvest ritual—though the two-part canon for women which opens them, "Winter-time is time to plough, Aie the wind does bite!" is too strongly influenced by "Nicolas sailed for Palestine" (compare also the texts!) from Britten's *Saint Nicolas* Cantata, including the 2 + 3 rhythmic structure with the latter group consisting of a 1 + 1 sequence and a cadential bar. The crowd's quiet and short "Amen" which concludes this choral *scena* ends with a brilliantly economical cadential modulation from A to its opposite, E flat, which is effected via a C sharp that is melodically and enharmonically changed into a flat leading note. (5) At the crucial point of the story, where Ruth wakes Boaz and begs him to take her to wife ("Master!" "Who calls?" "It is I, Ruth, thy handmaiden"), the theme of (2) above returns orchestrally in a moving duet between the two, again in F, though proceeding to C as Boaz resolves the duet into an aria and the 3/4 into 4/4 time: "Thou comest in the stillness of the night". (6) The love duet between the two, a *passacaglia* on a 4-bar theme first announced by the piano ("Lo, my beloved, my soul's delight"), which owes its structural function but not its structure to Britten. This magnificent piece once more introduces the theme of (2) above, this time in canonic entries between the voices, and in C minor. The question arises what is the dramatic meaning of Berkeley's Leitmotivism. The common ground between the three numbers is love, though two very different kinds of love are here brought together: love for the former mother-in-law and for the future husband! However, that's just the point. It is, after all, Ruth's love for Naomi that makes her love Boaz in the first place, and the essence of the story is the meaning of naturally faithful friendship, of which Ruth is a personification. ("Ruth" is the Hebrew word for a female friend.) This thematism is indeed the one respect in which Berkeley succeeds in establishing a big musico-dramatic line, in expressing a basic idea in an impressive variety of contexts. (7) The big line is continued, and brought to the subtlest of climaxes, in the penultimate number, an *ensemble* which Boaz opens with the words, "Behold this maid: for love of Naomi she left her father's home . . .", and which is perhaps the most perfect piece in the opera. True to the basic dramatic idea on which Boaz here enlarges, the orchestra introduces and accompanies him, and later the ensemble, with a highly inventive variation of the *passacaglia* theme whose four bars are now rolled into one.

The scoring: (a) voices: Ruth (mezzo), Boaz (tenor), Naomi (soprano), Orpah (soprano), Head-Reaper (baritone), and mixed chorus of reapers and gleaners (people of Israel); (b) orchestra: 2 flutes, horn, percussion, 11 strings, and a piano. (Berkeley had been commissioned to write, roughly, for the orchestra of Blow's boring *Venus*, to which *Ruth* was to form a companion piece; thank heaven, he replaced the harpsichord by a piano-forte, adding a horn and percussion.)

As far as possible, the foregoing review has tried to avoid covering the same ground as Hamburger and Mason, whose excellent articles should be consulted for information on other aspects of the work and its history respectively.

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Film Music* and Beyond

(1) NO MUSIC

THIS feature has always conscientiously recorded those rare and remarkable instances of music-less sound tracks which respect alike the ethics of naturalism, the craft of the film, and the art of music; as we have indicated at the end of our last *Film Music* article, they are not quite so rare in this understating country. The latest example, again a British one, is perhaps so far the most important one ethically. It is a tendentious film, supra-politically so, and members of the House of Lords were invited to see it (though few availed themselves of the opportunity) before they arrived at a vote which, owing to the Parliament Act, is still *sub judice*, so that whatever the final outcome of the issue, the picture will remain intensely topical for some time after the appearance of the present lines. The issue is, of course, that of the death penalty, and the film, *Yield to the Night*, reports without fuss upon the degrading influence of this institution upon all whom it enlists in its service. It is not the only aspect of the problem, nor indeed the most important, but degradation being a matter of the emotions, it lends itself well to faithful dramatization. Now, to denature this almost photographic account of the prison staff's emotions, moral and instinctive, by an admixture of background music, would not only have been unwise, but downright immoral. The whole point of the film is that the discovery of truth needs more imagination than the assimilation of fiction and that, conversely, the kind of sadistic thoughtlessness that goes by the name of "realism" produces the most pitiable of all manifestations of the human mind—fiction without imagination. Owing to the absence of music, then, the truth establishes its anti-fictional emotive power. More of a document than most documentaries, this feature film thus defines the antithesis between imagination and the imaginary.

(2) MALCOLM ARNOLD: *A HILL IN KOREA*

Malcolm Arnold, we are glad to note, appreciates even our negative criticisms of his film scores. At the same time, he has drawn my attention to the fact that the film composer is usually compelled to work at a far lower level of musical and musico-dramatic integration than he would like to. I think, however, that our reviews have shown their awareness of this miserable state of affairs, of which Arnold's very latest, *A Hill in Korea*, supplies renewed proof. One cannot imagine, for instance, what the director, Julian Amyes, aimed at with his treatment of the fifth (close on 3') or sixth (4' 15'') of the ten musical entries (title and end credits apart), where the noise of battle, of burning huts and the like, all but obliterates the background music which, therefore, need not have consisted of ordered sound at all, for the order cannot possibly be followed. Nevertheless, Arnold himself is by no means free from blame: he has taken the job too easily. In the 17 minutes, 20 seconds, that is to say, which his music occupies within the film's total running time of 81', there are hardly five minutes that betray the composer's calibre. Already the ternary C major march which forms the body of the overture and returns, in the same key, at the end of the film, is far too heavily indebted to Walton and, paradoxically enough, the film forces the piece to be longer than it ought to be on the basis of its intra-musical premises; as a result, the listener is embarrassed by modulatory extensions which sound like the desperate improvisations of a cinema pianist of the "silent" days who has misjudged the length of the title. Thus film-musicianship takes its gruesome revenge upon musicality: trained to make some sort of sense within the shortest

* Owing to misinformation supplied by the printed synopsis of *Smiley*, our last survey of *Film Music* (August, 1956) wrongly attributed the theme song of this film to the composer of the background music, William Alwyn.

possible space, the musician is conditioned into an uncinematic as well as an unmusical reaction when, once in a while, he is invited to forget all about his professional brevity. I could not judge the varied orchestration in the recapitulation of the title music's principal section because the sound projection at the press show I attended* (Hammer Theatre, 16th August) was below criticism.

One point in Arnold's favour is that he draws all his contrasts, one or two of which are considerable, from the title march's material. But some of these thematic derivations, e.g. in the sixth section, are too elementary, and there is a great deal of empty *tremolo* stuff and of similar time- and thought-killing devices. In the seventh number, moreover, we get over a minute's worth of oriental doodling as the small fighting patrol of National Servicemen that is the hero of the film reaches a deserted temple, their only possible stronghold left. We should have thought that Arnold was beyond this kind of tautological "mickey-mousing". The eighth piece, finally, with its miniature funeral march and dirge (49'1") in the very appropriate dominant (G) minor, could have been much more impressive despite its span if the composer had considered it his duty to make it a substantial musical moment regardless of the additional "meaning" with which the drama may or may not invest it. When all is said and done, even from the film maker's point of view, the music is supposed to add to the picture, not *vice versa*. All in all, and in view also of Arnold's latest "straight" music,† the impression cannot easily be avoided that while his highly imaginative irresponsibility has already produced a major contribution to the often all too self-conscious music of our time, there evidently is a limit to not caring a damn, which he has transgressed of late without even bothering to plead in musical mitigation. At no previous stage in our history of music has doodling been the criminal offence it must be considered at the moment, when there is such a long past to doodle about successfully, and such a difficult future at which one can try one's hand—unsuccessfully, maybe, but none the less productively.

The sound projection made it impossible to evaluate the playing of the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra under Muir Mathieson; the interpretation seemed sensible.

(3) BENJAMIN FRANKEL: *THE IRON PETTICOAT*

In view of the composer's resignation from the Communist party, this film score, like the tragic *Prisoner* to which it forms a light-hearted counterpart, may not be without autobiographical significance. *The Prisoner* itself was one of Frankel's weightiest pieces for the cinema, and the evidence there of a dodecaphonic touch or two could not fail to intrigue the musical psychologist in view of Frankel's somewhat resistant attitude towards twelve-tonality on the one hand, and the communists' loveless attitude towards Schönberg on the other. However that may be, the purely musical interest of *The Iron Petticoat* is none the slighter for being lighter, in fact subtly ironical. The idiom, accordingly, is more eclectic, for musical irony has to work on established material. In a very refined fashion, and perhaps without the composer's conscious participation, this eclecticism even extends to the basic thematic invention which, in the form of a tarantella, is compressed into the brief title music (1' 31'') in D major → (chiefly) minor. The tarantella denotes chase—a new and perhaps apter translation of this frequent cinemato-dramatic concept, especially in a sarcastic context, than the usual fugue. Now, for those whose ears readily stretch into the past, the ironical undertone immediately emerges from the double derivation of the title's theme alone: we find, vertically combined, (1) a fairly distant variation of the tarantella (as distinct from the saltarello) in the finale of Mendelssohn's misnamed "A major" Symphony (the *Italian*, whose last movement is in A minor, with the slow one in D minor); and, as a characteristic motif against this background (which, however, comes to the fore alone in the body of the film), (2) a tarantella version of the basic motif (*i.e.* the opening of the principal theme) of Schubert's F minor Fantasy for piano duet, op. 103, Deutsch no. 940: the dotted rhythm is changed into triplet rhythm

* There was more than one.

† See *The New in Review*, p. 333.

or, if you like, compound rhythm, with the *acciaccatura* omitted, and the *allegro molto moderato* is changed into what we might call modern (that is, 19th-century) saltarello speed, with the result that Schubert's motif appears to mock itself in no uncertain manner. Nor is this the whole joke, for the combination of the two motifs also corresponds to Mendelssohn's own combination of saltarello (where he employs the same rhythm with the rest in the middle of the triplet) and tarantella; only Frankel teasingly goes one better than Mendelssohn, in that he changes the horizontal into a vertical combination. The investigator into the power of key characteristics and associations should also note the keys of both the Mendelssohn and the Schubert model, for Frankel's score proceeds, *via* a penultimate D minor, to the firmly pre-established dominant minor and, likewise, the importance of F, *qua* relative major, is insistently stressed in the course of musical events inside the film.

The score abounds in other dance forms, all of which are well utilized towards its central ironical purpose; they include a polka as well as Russian dance music and an exquisite execution march, also in the Russian manner. One of Frankel's tunes, incidentally, bears a striking resemblance to his theme song in *A Kid for Two Farthings*. This unexpected self-sustaining tendency of an unpretentious song rather seems to suggest that the emotion it contains is fuller, and closer to Frankel's heart, than its emphatic simplicity would make us believe. The cinema, where simplicity is at a premium, thus offers us a microscopic view of a creative character trait which makes itself felt in his serious music too—a slightly sophisticated, stressed primitiveness which, prompted perhaps by a profound shyness, hides his emotional simplicity. The simple hiding the primitive is a common device amongst creative nonentities; the primitive hiding the simple is a typically modern, *i.e.* self-conscious symptom of creative resignation which affects diverse homesick characters, including Stravinsky's.

As a tonal structure, *The Iron Petticoat* belongs to Frankel's most cohesive organisms without ever landing itself in harmonic monotony. Even natural sound is enlisted in the tonal and formal build-up. Right at the beginning, for example, we hear a g'', a radio buzz foreshadowing the forced landing of the heroine, a Russian ace, at Tempelhof Airport in Berlin. Tonal to the preceding D minor, the natural note keeps us within the musical context, an impression which the ensuing A—the noise of the aircraft's engine—reinforces. Sure enough, the A presently turns out to be a natural dominant pedal for the modified and compressed recapitulation of the title music that introduces the actual landing of the aircraft, at which juncture, incidentally, the piano is used to most original effect. The overture is thus integrated with the body of the film and assumes the significance of the principal section of a ternary form whose middle section consists of natural noise. This principle of overlapping may well have been inspired by the more complex example of the *Entführung*, whose overture ends on the dominant seventh and introduces its own tonic minor middle section, changed to the major mode, by way of the first *aria*, thus producing a novel ternary form of the *alternativo* variety in which, by dint of its tonic major harmony, the development of its structure, and the change of texture, the subordinate section usurps the function of the principal section: A-B-A'-B' would be a wrong description, for by the time B' (the *aria*) emerges, the original relation of "A" and "B" has been largely reversed, and it is solely on the basis of this relation that the first section can be called "A", and the second "B".

(4) THE INTERNATIONAL SCENE

The difference in value between British and foreign film music is widening, if we may base our comparison on the foreign products reaching this country. I think we may, for American films apart, most of them are prestige films: if anything, they probably give too favourable an impression. From Sweden, for instance, comes a picture written and directed by Ingmar Bergman, that country's leading film-maker, which won the Grand Prize for Comedy at this year's Cannes Festival. *Smiles of a Summer Night* was in fact produced by the same company (Svensk Filmindustri) which successively launched

Greta Garbo, Ingrid Bergman, and Mai Zetterling. Altogether, one should have thought that one of the composers responsible for the musical renaissance in Sweden would have been chosen for this kind of film as a matter of artistic duty—Karl-Birger Blomdahl, for instance, whose fairly recent *Sawdust and Tinsel*, if not a musical success, showed both general skill and a novel and lucid approach to cinematic and indeed general artistic problems of texture and instrumentation. Instead, we get a common or garden score by one Erik Nordgren, whose name I have failed to find in recent surveys of Swedish music.

Again, from France comes *Pantomimes*, devised and mimed by Marcel Marceau, who is considered the greatest living exponent of this art, and lavishly praised by Cocteau. Edgar Bischoff's music, however, supremely important as its role necessarily is in this film, is eclectic and conventional in the extreme and "mickey-mouses" throughout. Yet there is a host of French composers who would have made a highly musical job of these mimes.

From America, finally, comes a series of giant musicals, all film adaptations of famous musical comedies, and initiated some time ago by *Carousel*, which made a mess of the Hungarian playwright Ferencz Molnar's deeply moving tragicomedy, *Liliom*. Of the latest trilogy, *Oklahoma!*, *The King and I*, and *Guys and Dolls*, I have so far only had the courage to face about an-hour-and-a-half of the second-named, which runs for two hours and thirteen minutes, and of whose music the *Times* critic seems to approve. Messrs. Richard Rodgers (well remembered from *Slaughter on Tenth Avenue* which "shows to full advantage the famous M.G.M. orchestra") and Oscar Hammerstein II, the authors of *Oklahoma!*, are responsible for music and text respectively, i.e. for the original musical play of the same title based on Margaret Landon's *Anna and the King of Siam*. Mr. Rodgers has here produced third-rate tunes in the common Hollywood manner, and the urgent question arises why our American adapters do not at last turn to Gershwin's musicals, a question which brings me to the moral of my "international" section: one important function of film music should indeed be that of international dissemination. I am supposed to be a music critic, but I first encountered Karl-Birger Blomdahl's work in the cinema, not in the concert hall, and if Gershwin's musical comedies were better known abroad, the intelligentsia of our whole musical world would at last, and speedily, recognize his stature, which is that of the greatest American composer to date.

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H. K.

Book Reviews

La Musique instrumentale de la Renaissance. Études réunies et présentées par Jean Jacquot. Pp. 394. (Éditions du Centre national de la recherche scientifique, Paris.) 1955.

To edit a symposium is difficult (*experto crede*); to review one is even more difficult. Here are about thirty papers read at a conference in Paris in the spring of 1954: the work of specialists, practically every one a valuable contribution to its subject. Despite the limitation of the field—the fascinating period when instrumental music was only just beginning (apart from gropings at the keyboard) to assert an existence of its own, though still dependent on vocal traditions—and despite the recurrence of certain themes, such as lute or keyboard transcription of vocal originals, one is confronted with nearly thirty topics, each deserving comment and consideration. The task is impossible. But one must at least indicate more precisely what the volume offers.

First one notes with pleasure the number of first-rate contributions by English scholars. Thurston Dart writes on the Dublin virginal manuscript since published by John Ward (Wellesley Edition no. 3) and on the origins and sources of chamber music in England during the first three decades of the sixteenth century (notably the instrumental pieces of Fayrfax, Cornysh, Lloyd and Robert Cooper in BM. Ms.Add.31.922). But how cautious we must be in claiming pieces of this period as "instrumental"! Mr. Dart speaks of Isaac's "*La mi la sol*" which occurs in this manuscript beside the English pieces, and also in St. Gallen 461; but "*La mi la sol*" is not an instrumental piece. It occurs in Petrucci's *Motetti C* with the words "*Rogamus te piissima virgo*" and as the "*Patrem omnipotentem*" of Isaac's Mass, "*O praeclara*". Denis Stevens, dealing with "the sources of the '*In nomine*'", is unnecessarily modest in not giving references to his volume of *Allenglische Orgelmusik* and opens up unfamiliar ground in touching on the vocal "*In nomines*"; his remarks on the didactic origin of this style of work (improvisation on a plainsong) should be read in conjunction with Daniel Heartz' passage, in his paper on the instrumental styles of the Renaissance, on the didactic value attributed to instrumental arrangement of vocal music. Early instrumental developments owe much to instructional purposes; one thinks of Saul going out to look for his father's asses and finding a kingdom. Jeremy Noble ends his survey of the English instrumental repertory of 1550-1585 with a paragraph that deserves quotation:

It seems that very soon after the Reformation a considerable number of vocal pieces entered the instrumental repertory: first the words were simply omitted and then they were forgotten [as was presumably the case with Isaac's "*La mi la sol*"]. These quasi-instrumental pieces existed side by side with a more strictly instrumental repertory in which the *cantus firmus* technique played a very important role. The musician who exerted the most influence in the first category was probably van Wilder, while Tye with his 22 "*In nomines*" and many other instrumental pieces contributed largely to the second. The fantasies of Byrd and his contemporaries fuse the slightly archaic emotional language of the works originally intended for voices with the advanced instrumental technique developed in the elaborations on a *cantus firmus*. It is this unique combination of influences which makes the English fantasy of the last part of the sixteenth century something unique in the music of the period. [Reviewer's translation: *all these papers are printed in French.*]

Mr. Noble adds a contents list, with concordances, of the most important document of the period, BM. Ms.Add.31.390. Elizabeth Cole returns to the subject of Tregian's anthology (Egerton 3665), printing in full a five-part *allemanda* by Peter Philipps, and David Lumsden considers the foreign—mostly French—elements in English lute-music. He concludes that only about an eighth of the identifiable repertory, "about two hundred pieces", is of foreign origin even if one counts the younger Ferrabosco as a foreigner; half of these pieces are transcriptions of vocal compositions, as one would expect, and about a quarter dances. But in both categories they are vastly outnumbered by native compositions; it is only in the field of the fantasy that foreign (mostly Italian) pieces predominate—for the simple reason that most of the English lutenists neglected the fantasy.

This does not exhaust the list of papers devoted to English music; an American, John Ward, and a Frenchman, Jean Jacquot, both deal with our keyboard music. Professor Ward is concerned with the earlier sources (and crossed swords entertainingly with Denis Stevens on the subject of the *Mulliner Book* in the discussion which followed his paper). M. Jacquot has studied the well-known but still largely unpublished English manuscripts in the Paris Conservatoire library, in which Bull in particular is strongly represented, and prints in full Bull's variations on "Why aske yee" of which only a much shorter version appears, anonymously, in the *Fitzwilliam Virginal Book*.

Side by side with this generous treatment of English music are a number of no less valuable papers on Continental music of the period. One can only enumerate those which have most interested one: Emile Haraszti's on the musicians at the court of the Hungarian King Matthias Corvinus and his queen, Ernst Meyer's on the folk-element in German instrumental dances up to the Thirty Years War, Zofia Lissa's on the formation of a national style in Polish instrumental music, the late Otto Gombosi's on the barring of a lute fantasia by Francesco da Milano, R. de Morcourt's on Domenico Bianchini's

Intabolutura de Lauto (with its curious treatment of *musica ficta* in *chanson* and madrigal transcriptions), Emilio Pujol's on the special nature of *vihuela* and guitar music, Santiago Kastner's on the connections between Schlick and Cabezón, Suzanne Clercx's on the *occata*, and Denise Launay's on the French instrumental fantasia. One picks up all sorts of odd crumbs of information from this banquet: for instance, in Daniel Hertz' already mentioned paper, that Giovanni da Crema's lute *ricercari* are based on keyboard *ricercari* by Giulio da Modena (apparently a discovery of John Ward's).

Last, but certainly not least, of the book's merits, it has an admirable index.

G. A.

High Fidelity. The why and how for amateurs. By G. A. Briggs. Pp. 192, illustrated. (Wharfedale Wireless Works, Ltd.) 1956. 12s. 6d.

Hi-Fi Loudspeakers and Enclosures. By Abraham B. Cohen. Pp. viii + 360, illustrated. (Chapman and Hall.) 1956. 37s. 6d.

The Fabulous Phonograph. By Roland Gelatt. Pp. xiv + 250, illustrated. (Cassell.) 1956. 21s.

Record Ratings. By Kurtz Myers, edited by Richard S. Hill. Pp. viii + 440. (Crown Publishers Inc., New York.) 1956. \$5.95.

All but the first of these four books emanate from the United States, the home of so-called High Fidelity which Mr. Briggs—one of our best-known exponents of the creed—has himself successfully invaded with his famous lecture-demonstrations. The term *high fidelity* itself is a nonsensical complication typical of this day and age: like "until such time as" instead of "until" and "face up to" instead of "face". Fidelity is what is meant; the word *high* is in this context supererogatory. But, commercial competition being what it is, manufacturers vie with each other in their pretensions of raising each other's *Fi*, though the majority of the consumers of their products lack even the vaguest idea of the rudiments of the subject.

These rudiments are to be had, comparatively painlessly, from Mr. Briggs' book which is generally lucid and to the point; though some of the author's alleged humour takes a good deal of stomaching. He is at his best on loudspeakers which he has treated at much greater length in an earlier volume, but also provides reliable information on almost every aspect of sound reproduction in the home. Whereas Mr. Briggs justifiably stresses his intention to appeal to the amateur, Mr. Cohen has turned out an eminently professional and exhaustive, yet thoroughly readable treatise—though he splits the infinitive with abandon—and provides a wealth of neat and tidy black-and-white illustrations and drawings to point his argument and provide constructional details for eighteen different loudspeaker enclosures. Incidentally Messrs. Briggs and Cohen both expatiate upon the electrostatic speaker without being prepared to commit themselves on its prospects as the much-heralded speaker of the future or being able to explain how speakers built on this principle are to develop a true, firm and full bass response.

What Mr. Gelatt calls the *Fabulous Phonograph*—a forbiddingly flashy American title—has certainly come into its own during the past decade, or even rather less, and much of the story he tells makes fascinating reading. At the risk of earning for myself the curses and vituperation of the whole clique of those who like to listen with what must be feigned rapture to the hideous farmyard noises offered in lieu of singing on pre-electrical, or as I prefer to describe them, prehistoric records, I maintain that the gramophone achieved musical significance only in 1925 with the advent of electrical recording. Even this left too much to be supplied by the listener's imagination and, had the recording process not improved progressively since that date, it is probable that few musicians would ever have considered the gramophone worth their serious attention; even now, in England at least, comparatively few do. More might have taken the hint in 1932 with the advent of Walter Legge's so-called "Society" issues (described by Mr. Gelatt on page 199) which offered some of the outstanding musical achievements of modern times to a discriminating public. The principal snags, of course, were the frequent breaks in

continuity and the prevalence of surface noise. Even at that time both could have been eliminated, but it is only in the last two or three years that they have been. The long-playing, or LP record was first demonstrated in 1931, but not produced commercially until 1948 in the United States and 1950 in England. Even so, most of the early examples left much to be desired, but recent issues mostly attain a respectable technical standard. Musically, however, very few of the records of to-day are to be compared with the best products of the 'thirties, and that we may know most of the reasons for this unfortunate state of affairs does not make it any the less disquieting.

Some idea of the vast repertoire currently available on LP may be derived from *Record Ratings* which will in all probability be made available in England and provides [quoted from blurb]

"A detailed listing of virtually all LP recordings of Classical Music, Operas, Folk Music, Theatre, Poetry, Speech and Kindred Subjects with critical appraisal of each, based on summarized reviews in the most important American and European periodicals".

There are books in which it matters little whether you read the preface or when; *Record Ratings* is not one of these. The preface must be read first. The volume is a comparative synthesis of other journals' notices of records published in *Music Library Notes* from 1948 to approximately June, 1955; these notices, from 22 American publications, 5 English (including *The Music Review*) and one French, are compared by means of symbols and provide a representative cross-section of reviewers' opinions. The result is just as intriguing as I hope it sounds and I found that the book came to life in my hands over the hours. The product is aimed at the American market and it refers exclusively to American releases, with the result that for English readers its practical usefulness is somewhat limited; but readers who are reasonably familiar with the international ramifications of the record business should find that what they can learn from this volume more than repays its comparatively modest cost. No doubt many English readers will decide to wait for the forthcoming Third Supplement to Clough and Cuming's *World Encyclopaedia* which will almost certainly be more strictly relevant to their practical needs; but this has already been provisionally priced at eight guineas while the date of publication remains undisclosed.

G. N. S.

Composers, Conductors and Critics. By Claire R. Reis. Pp. 264. (New York, Oxford University Press.) 1955.

The late Charles Ives wrote of the author of this book: "If more Americans would take as much interest, and give as much constructive help as you do, contemporary music in this country would not have such uphill work".

Composers, Conductors and Critics is a kind of chronicle of the life and times of modern music in the United States since 1920—of the period, in short, during which American music and American musical life have come of age. Claire Reis is a charming, highly intelligent and unbelievably energetic woman, and the present book is clearly a woman's work. The point of view is personal, often somewhat naive. But the fact that Mrs. Reis' personal point of view has been responsible for so much in the American musical picture of the past 35 years is more than adequate justification, we believe, for its presence in these pages.

Claire Reis is not a scholar and she has written anything but a scholarly book. So much the better, in this case. For anyone who reads the book receives a living, colourful impression of the modern music movement in America over the years. Her earlier *Composers in America* is an invaluable source book of an entirely neutral character, giving facts and figures about more than a hundred composers who were residing in the U.S.A. at the time of its publication (1948). *Composers, Conductors and Critics* is at the other end of the spectrum. It is anecdotal and full of opinion. Not only does Mrs. Reis relate countless personal experiences with Stravinsky, Bartók, Milhaud, Malipiero, Hindemith, Schönberg, Copland, *et al.*; she also speaks her mind about the problems still facing composers and their music and suggests solutions to some of these.

The main theme running through the book is the League of Composers, the New York organization that has done more than any other to propagate and encourage contemporary music. Mrs. Reis was in at the very conception of the League and has been its guiding light ever since. In a sense she is the League of Composers, for without her energy and support, the League could hardly have weathered its many storms. Now that the long-debated merger of the League with the ISCM (U.S. Section) has finally come to pass, she has every right to look back on what has been accomplished and to be proud of her part in it. Such pride is clearly expressed in the book.

It may be objected that Mrs. Reis' book presents only one side of the picture of modern music in America—the "League" picture. No doubt there is some truth in this statement; the League has been accused with a degree of justice of being one-sided and "cliquey". But it has, for better or for worse, been a major factor in the "making and breaking" of American composers. Thus the book, in its one-sidedness, corresponds to this extent to historical fact. That's the way it was—for many years. Only in the past few years have the League's "party politics" ceased to play an important role, and this is undoubtedly all to the good. Despite certain biases, however, the League, under the aegis of Mrs. Reis working closely with Aaron Copland, has an amazing record of accomplishment, the story of which fills many of the book's pages.

Mrs. Reis provides much information "hitherto not generally available" regarding the musical scene since 1920 and provides the reader with many a clue regarding "what makes American music tick". Apart from this it produces an autobiographical portrait of an extraordinary woman whose interest in and devotion to the cause of the contemporary composer has moved many a mountain.

E. H.

The Mozart Companion. Edited by H. C. Robbins Landon and Donald Mitchell. Pp. xv + 397. (Rockliff.) 1956. 30s.

Mozart in Retrospect. By A. Hyatt King. Pp. xiv + 279. (Oxford University Press.) 1956. 30s.

These are two of the most valuable of the Mozart bicentenary publications. *The Mozart Companion* is a new work containing essays by Friedrich Blume (2), Otto Erich Deutsch, Arthur Hutchings, Donald Mitchell, Hans Keller, Hans Engel, Jens Peter Larsen, H. C. Robbins Landon, Gerald Abraham, Paul Hamburger and Karl Geiringer. These eleven authors encompass almost as many different styles of critical exposition, from the generally terse and at times defiant annotations of Hans Keller to the prolix ruminations of Karl Geiringer; and they must have provided Landon and Mitchell with first-class practical experience of the problems of integrating a number of widely dissimilar elements into a cohesive whole. Indeed, Donald Mitchell begins his admirable foreword with the statement that "an obvious defect of a symposium is its lack of unity" and then argues, plausibly enough, that Mozart's extraordinary versatility provides an exceptional qualification for symposial treatment! This may be merely an ingenious dialectical point of little fundamental significance, but it has the practical merit of arousing the reader's curiosity: the first essential of the first page of almost any book that is intended to be read. Apart from the specialist who will inevitably turn to the chapter on his own best subject, the more general reader may have some difficulty in deciding what to read first; for this symposium would make an ill-assorted feast if taken in order from first page to last. Possibly the best chapter, if only because it is the most readable, is Professor Abraham's on The Operas. In these forty admirably clear and concise pages we are encouraged, even at times positively goaded into thinking for ourselves about the genesis of opera, the difference between good and bad opera and so on, with illuminating illustrative comments woven into the narrative: comments which are often all the more stimulating for not commanding agreement. The book is well produced and clearly printed, with a generous allocation of carefully chosen music examples, and can be cordially recommended.

Mozart in Retrospect has the initial intrinsic advantage of being the work of one author. But only four of its sixteen chapters are new, the remaining twelve being revised versions

of papers already published in various music journals. It is therefore something of an *ad hoc* compilation, with the first essay of 54 pages by far the most substantial and lending its own specific title as an enveloping cloak for the volume as a whole. Mr. King, who graciously acknowledges his indebtedness to Professor Deutsch and the late Paul Hirsch, writes in a precise style which is none the worse for being "dated" and provides a wealth of useful information while usually managing to steer clear of the merely pedantic. The other new chapters are entitled "Köchel, Breitkopf, and the Complete Edition", "Jahn and the Future of Mozart Biography" and "Joseph Mainzer and the Mozart Family: a postscript to the Clavier Duet K.381".

G. N. S.

THE NEW HAYDN EDITION

THE Collected Edition of Haydn's works, begun by Breitkopf & Härtel fifty years ago, has been one of musicology's unhappiest step-children. After an initial three volumes of symphonies in 1907, Breitkopf continued only sporadically, so that by 1939 only a dozen volumes had been produced. The war, with the partial destruction of the Leipzig house, brought the edition to a complete standstill. In 1949, the Haydn Society was formed, with offices in Boston and Vienna, and four additional volumes of the Haydn edition were issued. But this venture, too, failed, largely through lack of funds. Now it has been announced that a Joseph-Haydn-Institut in Cologne will continue and complete the long awaited Haydn *Gesamtausgabe*. The directors of this new institution are Professor Friedrich Blume, chairman; Professor Jens Peter Larsen, musicological director; and Dr. Günter Henle, of the Henle-Verlag, who is treasurer, and whose firm will publish the new edition. The members of the Haydn-Institut are Gerald Abraham (England), Antony van Hoboken (Switzerland), Hedwig Kraus (Austria), Paul Henry Láng (America), Leopold Nowak (Austria), Paul Sacher (Switzerland), Ernst Fritz Schmid (Germany) and Helmut Wirth (Germany). A volume of masses, the opera *Lo Speciale*, the canons, the "*Mehrstimmige Gesänge*", and the first volume of Scottish Songs are in preparation. It is to be expected that the first volume will appear by 1957. Further information may be obtained from the Joseph Haydn Institut, e.V., Göbenstrasse 10, Cologne, Germany.

H. C. R. L.

Gramophone Records†

"This is High Fidelity".

Written and produced by Tyler Turner.

Vox DL 130.

When this record was received some months ago, I decided not to review it immediately. The record itself and the accompanying book had for the scientist an obvious, straightforward, textbook quality about which there seemed little to say. If it were to prove useful to the non-technical listener, one could only discover its value by trying. I have tried. And I have been so staggered by the effect on those who, over the months, have been cajoled into listening that the writing of this brief note became an obligation. The record, using mainly excerpts from orchestral war-horses, sets out to show two things, (a) how close to live music we are with a first-class recording and high-class gear, (b) *precisely what* one is missing without either or both. The book presents the physical reasons for success clearly in the simpler terms descriptive of natural phenomena.

My conclusions from extended guinea-pig research, coupled with comprehensive reading of reviews by alleged experts (whose purely musical insight is not necessarily in question) are as follows:

† These reviews are not fully representative of the products of all the manufacturing companies, but reflect to some extent the generosity or otherwise of their respective publicity departments in the provision of sample copies.

1. Many people who purchase expensive equipment waste their time manipulating knobs to no purpose: they do not know what to listen for. This record will tell them—and they will be delighted.

2. A great many record-reviewers are so frequently lost for words because of a neglected education in the elementary physics of sound. This book will inform them.

It is highly desirable that both types of interested party should learn: with this imaginative issue, there is no reason why, almost painlessly, they should not.

Vivaldi: Twelve violin concertos—"Il Cimento dell'Armonia e dell'Invenzione, op. 8".

Barchet and Pro Musica String Orchestra, c. Reinhardt.

Vox DL 173-1/3.

Schubert: Rondo in A minor for violin and strings, and

Ravel: Tzigane.

Erich Röhn with Hamburg Philharmonic Orchestra, c. Martin.

Telefunken TM 68052.

Mendelssohn: Concertos for piano and orchestra: a. no. 1 in G minor, op. 25, and no. 2 in D minor, op. 40.

Katin and London Symphony Orchestra, c. Collins.

Decca LXT 5201.

The twelve concertos which make up *Il Cimento* include the programme works: "The four Seasons", "The Storm at Sea", "The Pleasure" and "The Hunt" with five untitled pieces. Though published together, their composition probably covers a fair span in Vivaldi's life and they include much of his best instrumental work and give an essential outline of his contribution to concerto-form development. Uneven in quality, there is not a single one which does not help to justify this comprehensive issue in some part. Vivaldi's lapses may happen anywhere: his preoccupations with literary meaning ("The Seasons" are planned, musical commentaries on sonnets of his own) and, more importantly, with form pure and simple cause him sometimes to spread the inspired moment somewhat thinly. But that itself is a feature of Baroque art and these works are wonderful examples of period and style. The solo playing is first-rate, but the ensemble would have been better for less volume, and greater liveliness, in the bass. The records are well made and the accompanying monograph by Joseph Braunstein a pleasure to read.

With the Schubert-Ravel record, Telefunken have achieved a near-miracle of recording. Nowhere have I heard the violin more truly represented. It is therefore a pity that one half of the issue should be Ravel's inconsiderable showpiece.

First-class piano playing and brilliant orchestral accompaniment distinguish the Mendelssohn issue. The recording is acceptable. These works were written with an incredible facility. The polish and verve of end movements and the refined sentiment of middles cover wonderfully what is banal in Mendelssohn's invention. And when the inspired moment comes how fully, how opulently it is paraded. Nowhere else in Mendelssohn does one sense so clearly the knife edge on which his musical sensibility is balanced. Limiting values for any genius must exist somewhere; in the very great they are out of our ken. We perceive them in the Mendelssohn piano works, and grant that no small part of his genius was to work so well within the hairsbreadth of stepping beyond his weaknesses or straining above his inventive powers. It follows that too much light-fingered zeal or an excess of sentiment in performers can kill the works stone dead. Peter Katin's playing does the composer no harm in these respects.

*Mozart: A Song Recital.**

Elisabeth Schwarzkopf and Walter Gieseking.

Columbia 33 CX 1321.

Very few people will know all, or most, of these songs, and their appearance is an adornment to the bicentenary. All are beautiful and some are masterpieces. Further, Schwarzkopf and Gieseking give fully of their best, so that amongst the sixteen songs are items which the Mozartian cannot afford to be without. Space does not permit a full

* Strongly recommended.

discussion of the treasures to be found: in any case, I had the most intense pleasure in exploring for myself, and so will the reader. In *Ridente la calma* there are one or two ill-recorded upper notes, but that apart, the recording is admirable.

*Fauré: Requiem, op. 48.**

S. Danco (S), Souzay (B) with L'Union Chorale de la Tour de Peilz and L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande, c. Ansermet. Decca LXT 5158.

This issue earns full marks. To neither Danco nor Souzay, who each sing Fauré well always, can the slightest criticism be offered. The ways in which ensemble work and careful recording can fully complement each other are shown in the great bursts of sound in the "*Gloria*"—wonderfully contained on the record—and the *pianissimo* chorale at "*In Paradisum*"—beautifully controlled, really soft, yet clear in every syllable. J. B.

Fauré: Requiem, op. 48.

Françoise Ogeas (soprano) and Bernard Demigny (baritone) with chorus of La Radio-Télévision Française and L'Orchestre du Théâtre des Champs-Élysées, c. Inghelbrecht.

Cantique de Jean-Racine, op. 11.

Madrigal, op. 35.

Pavane, op. 50.

Chorus and Orchestra of Le Théâtre des Champs-Élysées, c. Inghelbrecht.

London DTL 93083.

I admire much of Fauré's music and can even see that some people may regard the *Requiem* as "beautiful". But it's not my kind of beauty at all: on the contrary, I find the work disagreeably sloppy and sentimental, a general (though private, perhaps) impression reinforced by Fauré's cloying harmonic invention, his smooth yet somehow spineless melodies and his reluctance to introduce counterpoint as a means of textural contrast. My ears tire terribly of the *Requiem*'s relentlessly soft and sugary sonorities. The performance is effective, with compact choral singing and two soloists who vibrate in sympathy with the work's content. Much more to my taste are the haunting *Pavane*, the early but technically accomplished *Cantique* and the unpretentious *Madrigal*, in all of which Fauré acquits himself with his customary economy of feeling and distinction of language. D. M.

Mozart: Symphony no. 34 in C, K.338.

Symphony no. 36 in C (Linz), K.425.

London Mozart Players, c. Blech.

His Master's Voice CLP 1063.

Symphony no. 38 in D (Prague), K.504.

Symphony no. 39 in E flat, K.543.

The Bamberg Symphony Orchestra, c. Keilberth.

Telefunken LGX 66054.

Honegger: Symphony no. 3, "Symphonie Liturgique", and Chant de Joie.

L'Orchestre de la Société des Concerts du Conservatoire de Paris, c. Denzler.

Decca LXT 5118.

Blech and his Chamber Orchestra play Symphonies 34 and 36, in an excellent recording, at least as well as most of the several more distinguished conductors and their recently recorded symphony orchestras, and a sight more faithfully than some. It is, therefore, a great pity that, in the first movement of the *Linz* symphony, they do not repeat the exposition and miss, as Eric Blom once pointed out should never be missed, the C major-A minor interplay of an inspired modulating bridge. The Keilberth coupling is of good, though unexceptional performances, recorded to a very high standard. Fine recording

* Strongly recommended.

must be offset by the purchaser against certain more inspired playings which are, however, less well engineered.

Written at the end of the second World War, Honegger's 3rd Symphony represents his attitude to that catastrophe in a stormy, protesting prayer for peace. There is nothing liturgical in its spirit. The first movement (*Dies Irae*) has all the aural trappings of war; in so far as one can find a religious parallel, its images of threat and terror come closest to Verdi's *Dies Irae*. The *adagio* (*De Profundis*) brooding, perhaps overlong, above a heavy-footed bass, is of great melodic clarity and beauty and the finale (*Dona nobis pacem*) returns to the spirit of the *Dies Irae* in a massive march with a sudden, sunny ending as in an answered prayer. The fill-up, new entirely to me, is an exciting little quick-slow-quick *sinfonietta* of Honegger's early years and says nothing that we have not heard in his bigger works. Decca's recording, of some very noisy music from both titles, is superb. The playing is good with, perhaps, some over-exuberance in the blowing of brass.

*Franck: Grande pièce symphonique, op. 17.**

Finale, op. 21, and Prière, op. 20.

Jean Langlais.

London DTL 93071.

*Vierné: Symphony no. 2 in E for organ, op. 20.**

Pierre Cochereau.

London OL 50103.

In no department has the quality of long-playing recording achieved a more striking advance than in music for the organ. Until very recently one never expected an organ record to be other than an approximation to the registers used and the identification, from records, of an actual organ was ever impossible. These present records give each a dramatically faithful account of two of the finest European instruments; that of St. Clothilde where Franck was organist and of Notre Dame where the blind Vierné played and composed. They are quite magnificent as recordings and I greatly enjoyed the performances. Not much need be said about the music.

Berlioz: Overtures—Le Corsair, op. 21, Le Roi Lear, op. 4, Le Carnaval Romain, op. 9, Les Francs Juges, op. 3.

L'Orchestre de la Société des Concerts du Conservatoire de Paris, c. Wolff.

Decca LXT 5162.

*Tchaikovsky: Suite no. 3 in G, op. 55.**

L'Orchestre de la Société des Concerts du Conservatoire de Paris, c. Boult.

Decca LXT 5099.

Johann Strauss-Desormière: Le Beau Danube—Complete Ballet, and

Rossini: William Tell—Ballet Music.

The London Philharmonic Orchestra, c. Martinon.

Decca LXT 5149.

Rimsky-Korsakov: Scheherazade, op. 35.

The Philharmonia Orchestra, c. Stokowski.

His Master's Voice ALP 1339.

Hindemith: Symphonic Metamorphoses on Themes of Weber and

*Nobilissima Visione—Orchestral Suite.**

The Hamburg Philharmonic Orchestra, c. Keilberth. Telefunken LGX 66055.

The recording of Berlioz' quartet of overtures is impressive, and pinpoints the necessity these days of using first-rate reproducing gear. The performances, whilst generally in advance of routine concert hall versions, are somewhat uneven. At least one of Berlioz' many traps for the zealous conductor makes a victim of the sensitive M. Wolff: in *Corsair* the main theme is passed from chorus to chorus and, if careful balance is not kept, easily becomes submerged. The Conservatoire orchestra, excellently though they play, manage once to mislay it altogether. Under Boult they play with equal *élan*, but with greater

* Strongly recommended.

care to produce a stunning, expansive performance of Tchaikovsky's *Suite* in G, the *Polacca* from which is nowhere else recorded at an equal level of aural excitement.

So joyously, and with such discipline do the LPO play under Martinon in the Strauss-Desormière *Blue Danube* that one is almost made to believe in balletic hodge-podge as legitimate fodder for filling valuable record space. The work is less offensive than e.g. the recent ballet-mongering with Verdi tunes; but Strauss' Vienna is far to seek in the *frou-frou* of Parisien inconsequence. Rossini's *William Tell* ballet, played with an equally impelling *joie de danse*, makes the record worthwhile; the disc is a show piece of fine recording.

All that is needed to make Rimsky's *Scheherazade*, brassy and cliché-ridden as it is, sound plausible and exciting are top rate instrumentalists in the front desks. In a luscious recording the Philharmonia players are easily up to their job and this is my preferred version. Producers may leave it alone now, for a long time.

Hindemith is, perhaps, the finest orchestrator of our time. In support of the subtlety, inventiveness and sense of fun of his Weber composition, there is not only real orchestral innovation but a sense of certainty and never a false sonority. It is in the nature of these things that only really first-class orchestras play *Symphonic Metamorphoses* convincingly. The Hamburg performance is very good indeed, marred only by some lapses from the horns, especially in the march. There are no flaws in *Nobilissima Visione* and the recording throughout is high class.

Chopin: Sonata no. 2 in B flat minor, op. 35.*

Sonata no. 3 in B minor, op. 58.

Julius Katchen.

Decca LXT 5093.

Brahms: Variations on a Theme by Paganini, op. 35.

Schumann: Studies for piano after Caprices by Paganini, op. 3.

Liszt: Etude no. 6 in A minor after Paganini's Caprice no. 24.

Friedrich Wührer.

Vox PL 8850.

Bartók: For Children, volume 2.*

Geza Anda.

Columbia 33 CX 1316.

Decca's Chopin issue is so well recorded and Katchen's playing of such all round soundness that one can only recommend most strongly: to compare with the many other available versions can only become an exercise in minutiae. Much of the best of Chopin is in the sonatas; certain it is that they demand more than exceptional technique: Katchen has this, but also the insight that reveals the works of art which remain when the war-horses these pieces have been ridden to death. Vox's "Paganini-on-the-piano" record is a great success. Say what we might of his composition, Paganini's tunes have staying power. The essential, stringy gut-full qualities of at least one of them survive this plethora of pianism with all the signs of everlasting life. It is the same tune, that of the final *Capriccio* in Paganini's original twenty-four, which provided the theme of Rachmaninov's *Paganini Rhapsody* for piano and orchestra, with which metamorphosis all concert-goers and balletomanes are familiar. Brahms provides two sets of variations, which together as on this record, make a massive work and, I think, a fine one. The light-fingered treatments tend to be the better; in heavily chorded, tonally big variations Paganini gets rather forgotten. But there are some marvellous cross-rhythmic Brahmsian essays, and one of his very loveliest waltzes. That the "Satanic" Paganini theme could become a sentimental German waltz and yet keep its identity is, in its little way, some measure of Brahms' greatness as an unequalled writer of variations. Liszt's contribution is a transcription for the piano of Paganini's own variations on this same 24th *Capriccio* and merely a show piece. The Schumann work does not include the 24th *Capriccio* at all; it is made up of studies on half-a-dozen others taken from the original set. Light-weight and simply put together, these pieces are, all the same, charmingly effective and characteristic Schumann. Piano tone in this recording is on the twangy, metallic side.

* Strongly recommended.

The Bartók issue is a recording of almost perfect piano quality. Volume 2 of "For Children" comprises all the pieces based on Slovak tunes. One knows, perhaps from experience, that these pieces *can* be played by students in elementary grades. In fact, being real music they call for performance by a real musician. There is so *very* much in them we never saw in Bartók all those years ago; a thoroughly delightful record. J. B.

*Bach: Unaccompanied violin Sonatas: no. 1 in G minor and no. 2 in B minor (Partita no. 1).**
Johanna Martzy. Columbia 33 CX 1286.

*Mozart: Divertimento no. 15 in B flat, K. 287.**
Members of the Vienna Octet. Decca LXT 5112.

*Schumann: Quintet in E flat, op. 44, and
Quartet in E flat, op. 47.*
Barche: Quartet and Walter Bohle. Vox PL 8960.

Johanna Martzy's record provides the first volume of Bach's six solo violin works, the three sonatas and three partitas (suites). The two present works are played to an astonishing degree of technical perfection. If the greatness of these master works is to emerge in any degree, the violinist must, whilst encompassing extreme technical complexities, maintain a flow on which Bach's melodies must ride unbroken. Casals apart, very few soloists achieve this in either the cello or the violin unaccompanied works. Miss Martzy does, and we look forward to her complete set, recorded, we hope, to this same high standard.

One cannot praise too highly the sheer beauty of playing in the Mozart *Divertimento*. Only at one point is there any weakness in the maintainance of a perfect balance: the solo violin is too reserved in tone when accompanied (in the first movement) by a double bass and two horns. Better, perhaps, that fault than its opposite. The work is exquisitely recorded. The splendid playing of Walter Bohle and the Barche strings should have made Vox' Schumann issue a winner: the recording, however, is not first class, string tone coming out rather "scraped" in some passages. Still, the record is welcome as extremely good value; nowhere else can both works be got so cheaply. The Quintet, much the greater work, gets a finely balanced performance, warm and urgent, with no strings afraid to play against the piano. A lovely lesson is to be had from the Quartet: the second movement is a Mendelssohnian *scherzo* and the third, blandly sentimental, a *lieder ohne worte*. But what a gulf of musical worth is revealed here as between Schumann's creative introspection and Mendelssohn's charmingly facile extroversion.

Tchaikovsky: Eugene Onegin—Complete Opera.
Soloists, Orchestra and Chorus of the National Opera, Belgrade, c. Oscar Danon.
Decca LXT 5159-61.

*Puccini: Il Tabarro—Complete Opera.**
M. Mas (S), M. Pirazzini (M-S), S. Bertona (S), Prandelli (T), de Palama (T),
Ercolani (T), Gobbi (Bar.), Clabassi (B), Orchestra and Chorus of Rome Opera
House, c. Bellezza. His Master's Voice ALP 1355.

Reviewing these excellent performances of operas, each in its different way worthwhile, I fell to thinking how very few good operas there are which are not about the love of man for woman and *vice-versa*. And I mean specifically about love, not incidentally. *Eugene Onegin*, and *Il Tabarro* are as different, musically, as could be. Both are love stories. Puccini, of course, really knew what he was writing about. Tchaikovsky did not, and his work is not at all convincing in much of its love-story telling. But there are some heavenly tunes, and taken tableau by tableau, some really effective vocal and choral writing. The famous Waltz (Act II) and Polonaise (Act III) have become a bore in the plain versions so well beloved of "promenade" orchestras. Played with the chorus and soloists singing their parts they stand out as quite brilliant concepts for the marriage of dramatic action with formalized dance rhythms, much superior to Johann Strauss

* Strongly recommended.

and almost the equal of Bizet. And it is in these movements that the Belgrade Opera score heavily. For example, the essential difference in timbre of the young women's voices (dancing) and the older women (gossiping) is brought out to match ideally Tchaikovsky's telling of the story. The solo parts are well cast and excellently performed; so much goes into Tatiana's celebrated letter scene and Lenski's big aria that, emotionally weak though the music be, they carry the action along. The one piece of real music drama, the tenor-baritone canon of the duel scene, is brilliantly done. Orchestra and choir are first-rate in a realistic recording free from major faults.

Puccini's murky drama really comes off. Gobbi sees to it; his concept of the brooding, murderous Michele is very much *verismo* and dominates the whole. But some of Puccini's more pointed realities are missed. The off-stage motor horns he scored—we should hear them first at the end of la Frugola's song—are left out altogether. The song-seller and mininette should bring out the "Mimi" quotation—a real musico-dramatic stroke—but Gobbi and Mas are making too much of their own conversational duet for us to hear it properly. But these are minor losses. This is Puccini's most "atmospheric" score; we can taste the bitter dust of a Paris quayside in summer and feel the evening river damp; when Michele lights the fatal match we almost smell the sulphur. Here is an almost perfect opera performance, marvellously well recorded.

Boccherini: Concerto for flute and orchestra in D.

Pergolesi: Concerto for flute and orchestra in G.

Camillo Wanausek with the Pro Musica Orchestra, Vienna, c. Charles Adler.

Gluck: Concerto for flute and orchestra in G.

Wanausek with the Pro Musica Orchestra, c. Michael Gielen. Vox PL 9440.

Wanausek is a skilful flautist and neatly accompanied, but no amount of solo *expertise* can transform these wretchedly dull and mediocre works: they remain empty of any musical interest whatsoever. This unfortunate disc bears hardly on the reputations of the composers concerned. Are the concertos authentic? It would be a pleasure, for once, to hear of a batch of textual doubts and musicological quibbles.

*Sweelinck: Harpsichord music.**

Variations on secular tunes and dances.

1. *Von der Fortuna werd' ich getrieben.*
2. *Mein junges Leben hat ein End.*
3. *Est-ce Mars.*
4. *Balletto del Granduca.*

Fantasia chromatica. Toccata. Toccata. Fantasia in the manner of an echo.

Helma Elsner.

Vox PL 9270.

This is an important issue. Elsner plays with much vitality, and matches the music's colourful inventiveness with an apt variety of registrations. The recording is accomplished—if anything, perhaps a little too faithful: too many of the harpsichord's thwacks, clanks and grunts are reproduced on the disc. But this is a minor drawback. The works themselves are mostly compelling, and leave one with a decisive impression of—and admiration for—the scope and originality of Sweelinck's talent. Potential purchasers should sample the *Fantasia chromatica* and the second set of variations.

*Gounod: Little Symphony in B flat for wind instruments.**

Schubert: Eine kleine Trauermusik and

*Minuet and finale in F major for wind octet.**

L'Ensemble d'Instruments à Vent Pierre Poulteau, c. Poulteau.

Decca LXT 5172.

The Gounod is not only a charming, fresh piece but extremely original besides: light, ingeniously organized music that must both beguile and intrigue the musical ear. The

* Strongly recommended.

level of inspiration is consistently high. The Schubert *Trauermusik* is very repetitive but wondrously funereal in timbre and type of invention. It would suit any class of catastrophe, from a wet day to a family bereavement. More happens in the minuet and finale, which are coloured by many a characteristic harmonic texture and melodic shape. The wind ensemble plays well, and the recording is crisp.

Liszt: A Faust Symphony (revised Kellermann) and
Les Préludes.

(a) L'Orchestre de la Société des Concerts du Conservatoire de Paris and (b)
L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande, c. Ataulfo Argenta. Decca LXT 5101-2.

There is, I suppose, nothing new to be said about *Les Préludes*. One either likes it, or one doesn't. I don't. Some of the work's naked vulgarity creeps into the *Faust* Symphony, but this latter piece, of course, is a far subtler conception. Indeed, I wouldn't deny for a moment that these *Faust* portraits are most original and innovatory orchestral structures. They don't, however, in my opinion, either hang together *in toto* or as separate numbers. We have a succession of original ideas, many of them of the most gripping order, but at no stage do they cohere into an organized, developed work of art. There was, I think, something very vital missing in Liszt's equipment—the capacity, that is the hall-mark of the great composer, to build outwards from his initial inspirations. It is this lack, rather than his bad taste in orchestral rhetoric, that seems to keep Liszt in the lower ranks, despite his inventive genius. He was fertile in original ideas, but the ideas themselves proved oddly barren of developmental potentialities. These performances are decently recorded but are not specially distinguished interpretations. It is the first, non-choral version of the *Faust* Symphony that we hear. Kellermann's "revision" concerns itself, I imagine, with Liszt's instrumentation.

Mozart: Requiem (K.626).

Laszlo, Rössl-Majdan, Munteanu, Standen, Wiener Akademie Kammerchor and
Vienna State Opera Orchestra, c. Scherchen. London DTL 93079.

Gluck: Orfeo ed Euridice (Act two).

Merriman, Gibson, Robert Shaw Chorale, NBC Symphony Orchestra, c. Toscanini.
His Master's Voice ALP 1357.

Scherchen's version of Mozart's *Requiem* is marred by what I can only call his unnatural *tempi*—listen, for instance, to the ponderous *allegro* he adopts in the *Kyrie eleison* or, by way of an opposite example, to his positively skittish *Rex tremendae majestatis*. He seems to pursue a pace either frantic or funereal: the musical mean eludes him. None of the singing on this disc, solo or choral, is very distinguished, and the engineers have not achieved a satisfactory balance between instrumental and vocal forces. For an instance of the strain to which Scherchen's perverse speeds subject his soloists, sample the first five bars for bass in *Tuba mirum*; so un-flowing an *andante* as this obliges Mr. Standen to obliterate bar five's *fermata* and swallow its succeeding semiquavers. When soloists have to eat their notes instead of sing them, it is high time that the conductor radically revises his conception of a number's musical character.

Toscanini, no less than Scherchen, often strikes me as an extraordinarily wrong-headed conductor, capable—especially when off his own territory—of committing the most wilful anti-musicalities. On the other hand, Toscanini is a conductor of genius, which Scherchen assuredly is not, and his eccentricities, even when most distressing, make some sort of musical point, though it be quite the wrong one. While Scherchen induces in me a state of deep depression at the vulnerability of composers, Toscanini compels me to admire the brilliance of his gifts; however misapplied, they always polish up some genuine facet of the composer's art, if a minor and inessential one. Perhaps one might say that in the difference between polishing off and polishing up lie the distinguishing characteristics of

Scherchen's and Toscanini's modes of interpretation. I am not sure that Gluck is truly part of Toscanini's world; *Orfeo* does not lack passion, but it is cool—and Toscanini's temperament is a hot one. This second act, then, if anything, is too vibrant, not sufficiently statuesque; Toscanini stands too close to the music, when detachment, in fact has a vital artistic role to play. Gluck's Furies, of course, are very well done, but the Elysian Fields are not quite so convincingly depicted. None the less, there is not a moment throughout the act that is not throbbingly alive, and I, for one, am willing to forgo placidity, whether functional or no, when faced with Toscanini's often impetuous but always memorable phrasing. We can, I fear, only guess at the fine quality of the orchestral sound. This disc is a record of a radio performance—it was dubbed, presumably, from tape—and leaves much to be desired in the realm of civilized tone. Distortion disfigures many of Toscanini's crisp textures and some of the solo singing, which, in the throats of Nan Merriman and Barbara Gibson, attains a respectable level of distinction: Gibson is an appealing light soprano, Merriman a mezzo of a curiously husky timbre, not always precise in intonation, and wedded to a wobble, but undeniably a personality. In short, though not a great performance of *Orfeo*'s act two, a fascinating document stamped by its conductor's very superior talents.

Rachmaninov: Concerto for piano and orchestra, no. 2 (C minor, op. 18), and

Rhapsody on a theme of Paganini for piano and orchestra, op. 43.

Orazio Frugoni with the Pro Musica Symphony Orchestra, Vienna, c. Byrns.

Vox PL 9650.

Tchaikovsky: Francesca da Rimini, op. 32, and Capriccio Italien, op. 45.

London Symphony Orchestra, c. Collins.

Decca LXT 5186.

Saint-Saëns: Symphony no. 3 (C minor, op. 78).

L'Orchestre du Théâtre des Champs-Élysées, c. Bour. Organ: Maurice Duruflé.

London DTL 93072.

No performance of Rachmaninov may be deemed successful if it does not catch the spirit and structure of those characteristic melodic shapes into which the composer poured his brooding melancholy. From this point of view, the admirable Vox coupling listed above falls fatally flat: neither soloist nor conductor seems to understand the nature of Rachmaninov's peculiar lyricism which must rise and accumulate tension if it is meaningfully to decline. Their treatment, on this disc, of his inimitable gift for genuinely inflated melody calls to my mind the title of an early Chaplin film—*Tilly's Punctured Romance*. There is no doubt that Messrs. Frugoni and Byrns fail to cultivate the heart of Rachmaninov's music, hence I can scarcely recommend that the composer's devotees should bother themselves with their interpretations. On the other hand, Rachmaninov's admirers are liable, in their enthusiasm for his celebrated soulfulness, to overlook or under-estimate his contrasting assets, less important, perhaps, than the big romantic tunes, but without which he would not be half the minor master that he is. It is upon certain of these neglected features of Rachmaninov's musical character—the nuances of his orchestration, subordinate, maybe, but never nondescript, the virtuosity of his keyboard style, the complexity and subtlety of his rhythmic invention, the brilliant vitality of inspiration which offsets the haunting languor—that these recordings choose to concentrate, and in so doing, in particular in the impressive *Paganini Variations*, almost another Rachmaninov is revealed, not the familiar, essential Rachmaninov, the spinner of tunes instinct with extinction, but a more vivid, leaner, glittering figure who is athletic as well as narcotic. Distorting mirrors have their uses; they exaggerate characteristics that receive less than their due in a normal state of affairs. To those anxious to view Rachmaninov from an unusual angle, this disc should prove welcome; its technical quality is high, and Mr. Frugoni is a very able pianist.

There is nothing in the least unusual about Mr. Collins' conducting of the Tchaikovsky pieces; it is conscientious, reputable—and dull. A central poverty of imagination deprives the *Capriccio* of wit and elegance and strips *Francesca da Rimini* of the composer's

by no means unfruitful hysteria (Tchaikovsky, as it were, "composed" it). The orchestra plays surprisingly well and the music is very faithfully reproduced, but the works don't really survive the conductor's killingly worthy interpretations.

Saint-Saëns, I should imagine, never suffered a bout of hysteria in his life. He might have been a better composer if he had. His grandiosely planned third Symphony dishes out at interminable length ideas as impeccably trivial as the work's impeccably crisp textures—Saint-Saëns even succeeds in civilizing that monstrous intruder, the organ, though its massive contributions to the finale are less happily conceived. This must be one of the emptiest, most protractedly shallow of large-scale symphonies, a curiosity so mediocre in invention that mere inquisitiveness expires after a very few bars, long before Saint-Saëns' talent for saying a lot about nothing has run dry. Undoubtedly his facility—unlike Mozart's or Britten's—was damaging: he found it too easy not to compose.

Haydn: *Sonatas nos. 20, 31, 40 and 46 (C minor, E, G, and A flat).**

Kathleen Long.

Decca LXT 5144.

Beethoven: *Sonatas nos. 23 and 32 (F minor, op. 57, C minor, op. 111).*

Julius Katchen.

Decca LXT 5187.

Sonatas nos. 6 and 7 (A major, op. 30, no. 1, C minor, op. 30, no. 2).

Menuhin and Kentner.

His Master's Voice ALP 1354.

Schubert: *Eight Impromptus (Deutsch 935 and 899: F minor, A flat, B flat, F minor/C minor, E flat, G, A flat).**

Ingrid Haebler.

Vox PL 8940.

It is good to have four of Haydn's piano sonatas on a single disc, especially when so nimbly, stylishly and feelingly played by Kathleen Long. The recording is excellent. We find that we do not need to concern ourselves whether or no Haydn's sonatas are as "good" or as "important" as Mozart's or whether or no they presage Beethoven's. The weightiest of these works are idiosyncratic and highly original in their own right. If Haydn's sonatas are not as familiar as they ought to be, it is not because they are better done elsewhere but simply that we are still far from seeing Haydn in the round; and in a total estimate of his creative achievement, the best of these sonatas must claim our serious attention.

Katchen's performances of the *Appassionata* and op. 111 are both conscientious and musicianly, but in either case somewhat inhibited; the formidable difficulties of op. 111—content as much as technique, or more so—seem to prevent him from revealing the work's secret: his fingers hold it but don't release it. In the *Appassionata* on the other hand, he appears unable to abandon himself to the work's overpowering but fairly straightforward creative sweep—the first movement's wonderful development, for example, badly hangs fire. The two sonatas are well recorded.

Except in odd patches, neither Kentner's nor Menuhin's performances in the Beethoven fiddle sonatas approach Katchen's in technical accomplishment; the duo not infrequently offer us strangely tentative playing, which Katchen never does, at his most constrained. None the less, the partners are obviously much enamoured of the music, and, as so often with Menuhin, an irresistible integrity and sincerity of purpose compensate for lack of polish. By and large, this adequate¹ engineered disc discloses warm-hearted music making of some distinction. The sonatas are variable in quality, but the good things in them are very good indeed.

Ingrid Haebler is a name new to me, but from her interpretations of Schubert *Impromptus* she would seem to be a pianist of note. It is not everyone who could carry off so effectively the wayward forms and subtle poetry of such exacting pieces as the first F minor *Impromptu* from D.935 and the C minor from D.899. The disc includes some very familiar works and others that rarely reach the recital platform. Miss Haebler is a

* Strongly recommended.

persuasive advocate, with a technique that matches her musical insight: Schubert lovers and discoverers will be rewarded if they add this record to their collections. D. M.

*Brahms: Sonatas for cello and piano. No. 1 in E minor, op. 38. No. 2 in F major, op. 99.**

Paul Tortelier, cello, and Karl Engel, piano. His Master's Voice ALP 1233.

The cello is in many respects the ideal instrument for what Brahms had to convey in his chamber music. It has the depth of Brahms' more somber side, a fine *cantabile* middle register and a top register with that particular strained, tense quality inherent in the Hamburg master's soaring melodic flights.

The present record contains two sonatas representing two quite different periods of Brahms' development. The Sonata in E minor dates from 1862-65 and is a work of Brahms' late youth (in 1862 he was 29 years old). The F major Sonata was composed in 1886, a year after the fourth Symphony, and is a work of Brahms' maturity. In the performances by Tortelier and Engel, the stylistic differences corresponding to the dates of composition are respected. *Opus 38* is played with a certain romantic dash that never descends to empty virtuosity, while in *opus 99* the introspective, "darker" quality is given full expression.

The interpretation of the later Sonata is, indeed, masterly. The first movement combines the qualities of vigour and poetic reflection that the score demands. In the second movement the opening melody is stated warmly but with simplicity; its inherent tenderness is allowed to speak for itself. The "tragic" mood of the scherzo—the veiled threatening quality—is captured perfectly. The performance is dramatic but never theatrical, vigorous but still restrained. And in the last movement there is no "let-down", despite its somewhat lighter vein, for it is not played in typical "finale" style, which would have been its undoing.

Tortelier is clearly a cellist and musician of the first water. His intonation is flawless and his conception of this music noble. He possesses a fine *cantabile* tone and the ability to spin and sustain a long melodic line, as the music of Brahms requires. Engel's part is also entirely satisfactory. The ensemble is excellent, the balance between the two instruments (both as regards tone and musical importance) equally so. This is sonata playing of high calibre.

*Schumann: Fantasia in C major, op. 17. Kinderszenen, op. 15.**

Clifford Curzon.

Decca LXT 2933.

The Fantasia, *opus 17* is the uninhibited outpouring of the 26-year-old Schumann and is, indeed, the epitome of romanticism in music. It is anything but a perfect work; in fact, its defects probably outweigh its virtues, which are confined primarily to the first movement. The second movement is a fairly boring march-like affair, with endless repetition and only a modicum of originality. The last is a "song without words"—an accompanied melody that goes on too long, but that has some quite beautiful moments. The opening movement, however, is thoroughly remarkable despite its relative formlessness. It is the musical complaint of the young Werther—in this instance Schumann, who had at the time of its composition just declared his undying love to Clara Wieck (later his wife) and then, in true romantic fashion, foresworn her. The composer himself later called it (in a letter to Clara) "probably the most passionate thing I have written—a profound lament for you". It is indeed a passionate utterance, stormy and uncontrolled. It is written, to be sure, in sonata form, but its effect is nevertheless formless. Yet it is highly eloquent, and the quotation from Beethoven's song cycle, *An die ferne Geliebte*, with which the movement closes, is extremely touching.

Clifford Curzon gives the work its full due, playing it as Schumann himself would surely have done. All the poetry of this music is there, but without exaggeration. The

* Strongly recommended.

passionate passages are played with abandon, but there is no "stampeding", and the tender moments never become over-sentimental. It is a tribute to Curzon's artistry, and to his fine *cantabile*, that the last movement does not develop into an impossibly tedious affair. The performance of the better-known *Kinderszenen* is equally unimpeachable.

Back: St. Matthew Passion.

Agnes Giebel (soprano), Lore Fischer (contralto), Helmut Kretschmar (tenor), Horst Günter (bass); Kantorei der Dreikönigskirche, Frankfurt; Collegium Musicum Orchestra, conducted by Kurt Thomas. Oiseau Lyre OL 50113-16.

There are certain points in favour of this interpretation: the orchestra and chorus are small and thus historically and stylistically correct; the chorales are sung simply and straightforwardly, without the false holds on the verse-ends that are all too frequent. The continuo part is well-managed and well recorded. It is, all in all, a good straightforward performance—the sort of good average performance one is apt to hear in many German cities during Lent. Whether this performance merits recording is another question. True, there is no really first-class recording on the market, but this would seem to be all the more reason for any new release to be first-class—which this one is not. It is too pedestrian: the music comes in chunks and lumps, and the overall line, the architectonic form, suffers. The performance plods rather than flows. Its chief virtue is a negative quality—namely, that it is happily free of exaggeration and over-dramatization, which often accompany large-scale and/or big-name renditions of this masterpiece. The *St. Matthew Passion* is a difficult piece to perform satisfactorily, doing justice to all factors. The perfect or near-perfect performance has yet to come.

The above-mentioned reservations apply principally to the conductor and to his realization of the score. Chorus and orchestra both perform adequately, but the soloists leave a good deal to be desired. There is too much faulty intonation, and some straining on high notes. Technically, the recording is of only moderate quality. E. H.

Dvořák: Klänge aus Mahren, op. 32.

Monteverdi: Four Duets; Carissimi: Four Duets.

Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Irmgard Seefried, acc. G. Moore. Columbia 33 CX 1331.

Beethoven: Sechs geistliche Lieder, op. 48.

Wilhelm Strienz, bass, Janine Corajod, organ.

Decca LW 5237.

The Dvořák duets are a very minor work, and in no way compare with the original and sparkling Slavonic Dances, for instance. A demon of archness lies in wait within them, and I am not at all sure that the much criticized English version is actually worse than the German verses. A certain monotony is felt if they are all played through, and the efforts of the excellent singers to compensate for this by overacting does not help matters. The other side is an unmitigated disaster; one does not have to be pedantic to see that this is as wrong idiomatically as playing the *Kreutzer* as a cornet solo; there seems to be an actual attempt to link these highly sophisticated and idiomatic Renaissance pieces with the Dvořák duets on the reverse. The piano is weak and tentative; the "Unashamed Accompanist" sounds ashamed of himself, even in the Dvořák, where his presence is not an anachronism. The recording achieves the astonishing feat of being both undermodulated and blasting in places, apart from being generally undistinguished. What a sad waste of very great talent.

If one can ignore the fact that the Beethoven songs, recorded here with bass and organ, were in fact written for soprano and piano, then this is quite a nice record. Strienz is ageing, and his voice has taken on a metallic edge, also an occasional waver, but it was once a very fine voice, and this is still evident; he sings with authority and a spaciousness that a contemporary might not achieve, and is on occasion quite moving. The recording is startlingly actual and vivid, and captures the singer's laboured breathing among other extraneous noises, as well as the magnificent organ sound.

Poulenc: Concerto for piano and orchestra; Three Piano Pieces.

Milhaud: Suite for violin, clarinet and piano.

Anette Hans-Hamburger, piano; Jaques Parrenin, violin; Ulysse Delecluze, clarinet; Pasdeloup Orchestra, c. Pierre Dervaux. Felsted RL 89006.

The Poulenc Concerto dates from 1949, and is thus a recent work. It seems to me that Poulenc stands rather apart from his contemporaries in the French scene; unlike Ibert and Françaix he is not content to be merely gay, charming and amusing, and he has not Milhaud's rather naïve and unselfconscious approach that enables him to become serious with the easy emotional transitions of childhood. Poulenc, in fact, is what D. H. Lawrence called "would be" and this, to my mind, spoils all his more extensive work. The Concerto under review is a case in point. Two movements are on the same scale and in the same mood as the very successful piano Concerto of Françaix, but the first is inflated in a manner that spoils the balance of the work formally, and strikes several false notes emotionally. The first subject is astonishingly like that of Rachmaninov's third piano Concerto, with a whiff of Mozart's K.450, but this slight and rather banal material is developed with an earnestness worthy of great and portentous matters; the effect is oddly out of focus, though pretentious might be too strong a word. The piano pieces, of various dates, are less "would be" and more successful. The Milhaud, an arrangement of theatre music, is slight, proficient, and has a rather sinister undertone; the play for which it was written was Anouilh's *Voyager sans Bagages*, and it seems to fit the Anouilh atmosphere perfectly. The performances are competent without being inspired; the pianist has a rather woolly tone and wooden rhythm. The recording is also a little woolly and wooden.

*Liszt: 19 Hungarian Rhapsodies (in 3 volumes), Volume 2, nos. 8 to 13.**

Alexander Borovsky.

Vox PL 8910.

Borovsky recorded the Hungarian Rhapsodies before the war for Polydor; this is his second set, and it is good to know that he will record the last little-known ones, for they are so interesting that any adequate rendering would be welcome. On the evidence of this record they will almost certainly be more than adequately rendered. Borovsky plays them in a supremely musical manner; at first one feels (after the tremendous sounds produced by some pianists of the younger generation, and the accounts of Liszt's own fireworks) that this is all a trifle restrained; then one notices that instead of the bash and glitter tactics of so many, all Borovsky's phrases sing, and all his ornamental passages are made an integral part of the structure. The result is to enhance the very considerable musical interest of the works; this is a performance one could hear again and again, an interpretation to live with. The recording is similarly warm, rich, and living—how often the technical characteristics of a record seem to take their cue from the performance—and its quiet honesty is a joy. A splendid record.

*Weber: Concerto no. 1 in C, op. 11; Concerto no. 2 in E flat, op. 32.**

Friedrich Wührer with the Pro Musica Symphony Orchestra of Vienna, c. Hans Swarowsky. Vox PL 8140.

This record contains Weber's only essays in the full-scale piano concerto, and they are exceedingly effective and pleasing. They are in the truest sense "romantic"; that is, romantic as usually understood in common parlance; there is not a trace of the exaggeration, violence, and even horror that have become associated with the word ever since the psychologists took over the nineteenth century. They are as romantic as a fully blown rose; typical Weber, in fact, and worthy of the composer of *Oberon*. Richly tuneful, poetic, beautifully scored and rewardingly written for the piano, they are in idiom and atmosphere like nothing else in the repertoire. They suggest a Mozart who had lived on into the nineteenth century and heard (if he did not himself create) the romantic opera, without ever approaching the size and scale of Beethoven. Suppose Mozart had lived

* Strongly recommended.

to the age of Verdi, and Schubert to 70? Suppose Liszt had died in infancy? As it was, this romantic dawn never developed along the line of the cosy cottage garden atmosphere with which it began; instead, it early threw up the *Totentanz* and other Lisztian mines for Wagner who gave us *Tristan* which led to *Elektra* and more directly to *Erwartung* and *Lulu*—by which time the Dance of Death was on in earnest, in life as well as art. This was not necessarily inherent in the romantic movement at the beginning; no one could predict it from the music under review, and even *Der Freischütz* has been seen in the light of later developments I feel. We may ask whether our present attitude towards such music as the Weber concerti—"We had to wake up from that particular daydream"—with its implication of something not-quite-honest, is really valid. Instead of being the reflection of terrible events, is it not more likely that such things as *Lulu* sprang from the same state of mind that produced them? "And what it fears creates". There is an acceptance of the abnormal in the work of the later romantics and their heirs, the atonalists, that forces the question; which is more normal, the world of the Weber concerti or theirs? A return to normality in music (already evident in the work of Britten and above all Malcolm Arnold), might indicate a more normal social context also. It is not a question of cowardice or dishonesty—ultimately we choose both our social context and the music of which it is a part.

What a fine pianist Wührer is. He plays these works in exactly the right style, with a beautiful balance between display and warm *cantabile*; his tone is rich and glowing, and his passage work clean. Orchestra and conductor are on the same high level of intensely musical attainment, and the recording is wide in tonal and dynamic range, clear, and with true instrumental timbre.

Glinka: Ivan Susanin.

Ivan Susanin, M. Chagalovich; Antonida, M. Glavachevich; Vania, M. Milodino-
vich; Bogdan Sobinin, D. Startz; Russian Soldier, I. Murgashki; Polish Messenger,
N. Grubach; King of Poland, V. Dimitrievich; Yugoslav Army Chorus,
National Opera Orchestra, Belgrade, c. Oscar Danen. Decca LXT 5173/6.

Much has been written about the historic importance of this opera, and few are the chances of hearing it. This was the first time the present writer had met more than its reputation in history books. What were my impressions? First, the extremely tentative style, or rather mixture of styles. We are told that the Russia of Glinka's day was under predominantly Italian influence, and indeed a little of it peeps out here; but my impression is that the Russian flavour is almost equally shy; the work sounds vaguely Czech. In the Polish scene, with its orchestral dances, there is a suggestion of Chopin; a Chopin who could score, for apart from a miscalculation or two (there is a curious honking sound in the overture that I cannot believe to have been imagined like that) the orchestration is one of the most accomplished features of the work. For the rest it is somewhat rigid and naïve. The chorus writing assists in this impression; it suggests Gilbert and Sullivan. To sum up, this work sounds very youthful and immature.

As far as performance and recording goes, this set strikes me as the best of the Decca Belgrade series.

Any Slav company would be lost without their basso, since Slav opera seems to depend entirely on big bass roles. Chagalovich has a most peculiar voice, as I have remarked before; it gives one the macabre impression that the inside of his throat is hairy; whikery, that is the only word for his tone production. He has his best piece of singing so far in this set; Susanin's big monologue "They guessed the truth". Drago Startz confirms the good impression he made in *Khovanschina* and the rest of the cast are adequate. The dynamic and rather square singing of the chorus enhances the rather wooden effect of their music; the orchestra is a good one. The overall impression is of a careful, studied performance that lacks fire; perhaps the work is not capable of conflagration. The recording is one of the best of modern technical achievements; the informed will not need to be reminded what that means. Only a little further lift towards perfection in all departments and recording will have "got there"—or will it?

P. J. P.

Correspondence

146, Lloyd Road,
Montclair, New Jersey, U.S.A.
9th September, 1956.

To the Editor of THE MUSIC REVIEW.

DUOTHEMATICISM

SIR,—With reference to Mr. Weissmann's letter in the August issue of THE MUSIC REVIEW concerning my article "The Role of Duothematicism in the Evolution of Sonata Form", first of all may I thank Mr. Weissmann for his confirmation of the "undoubtedly important structural principle" which I described. But his allegation that I tried to create the impression that I was the discoverer of the phenomenon in question seems strange. Had he read my article more attentively he would have realized that I claimed something fundamentally different; namely, to have been the first to analyze the principle as a systematic method of formation in the classical realm, where it developed into a widely used device connecting architectonically different themes of one movement and even themes in different movements of one work.

In my book *The Thematic Process in Music*, to which the article in THE MUSIC REVIEW was in a way a supplement, I stated clearly that the device as such is an age-old, almost natural musical phenomenon for which I gave, among others, examples from Gregorian chant and some mediaeval music. Yet to consider this ancient device identical in a musicological sense with its very different application in the classical realm is legitimate only in the very broadest sense. Certainly, there is a world of difference, both from a wider musical aspect and in a concrete technical sense, between the method of transformation seen at work in an Arabian *maqam* (or, for that matter, in a Hindu *raga* or other oriental structural types) and that in the Mozart or Beethoven examples quoted in my article. To consider the two simply identical, merely because a somewhat similar creative impulse may have been at the root of both, is to imply a causal connection between two independent musical phenomena and thus to oversimplify a highly complicated musical development.

The present writer has been rather amused to observe that most scholarly objections to this thesis have come from two strictly opposite groups: those who deny the very existence of the principle involved, and those who assert that they had long known all about it. It is gratifying to find that Mr. Weissmann at least does not belong to the first group.

Yours faithfully,

RUDOLPH RETI.

30, Willow Road,
London, N.W.3.
10th October, 1956.

To the Editor of THE MUSIC REVIEW.

PROKOFIEV'S FIFTH

SIR,—William W. Austin's analysis (MR, August, 1956) labours the obvious when it draws attention to the return of "the *arioso* in the tonic" at the beginning of the opening movement's recapitulation; but that this first subject *returns in the tonic at the beginning of the development* remains unobserved.

We are here faced with a rare and intriguing device in sonata form which, in my opinion, stems *inter alia* from the repeat of the exposition and its historical dissolution—a process that can be observed in *statu nascendi* at the beginning of the development in the first movement of Beethoven's op. 59, no. 1. To my knowledge, there is only a single example of a first-movement form which resumes the first subject in the tonic and at the same time repeats the exposition, i.e. the opening movement of Schumann's A major string Quartet (spring, 1842). Schumann, a schizophrenic genius, feared disintegration, both mentally and musically: hence, I suggest, this double insurance. Its objective value is problematic. There is no doubt about the fact that the developmental return of the tonal first subject is meaningful, but whether the repeat is, is another question.

In Prokofiev's case, there is no over-determination, but rather reparation: he too fears disintegration, and very justly so, in view of his unfunctional tonal dislocations.

Yours faithfully,

HANS KELLER.

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To the Editor of THE MUSIC REVIEW.

SIR,—THE MUSIC REVIEW, August, 1956, printed the articles "A Gestalt Psychologist On Music" by Robert L. Jacobs and "The Aesthetic Experience" by Hans Tischler, which were of unusual interest to us. The introductory article by Jacobs opened with what may or may not have been an intentionally revealing tone: the musician's attitude toward psychology is an unwillingness to face very possible truths. Jacobs' tone was condescending.

In our magazine we are running a series of articles which accept certain contributions from Gestalt psychology to the advancement of "music". Jacobs' and Tischler's articles are the kind subtle enough to obscure clearcut recognition of the actualities of so-called "music". Their tone is one of half-hearted specification that breaks off into generalization when conclusions promise to be contrary to the insulated world of the musician. It is *our* intention to try to evolve meanings and practical methods from this new attitude or "perspective".

There is no space, of course, to take up the various points in Tischler's article that seem to need further extension, but it is a certainty for the future that the figurative character of "musical" semantics must defer to Gestalt, psychovisual or some definition of a scientific foundation, especially psychological. It seems almost beyond contention to us that "music" is first and foremost a visual art. Until this is received with less bias, practical application or extension of Kohler's or Langer's brilliant efforts doesn't seem possible. Psychovisualism believes that an expanded understanding of psychic processes might lie in modern physics where hitherto latent influences offer probably finer definitions for form. Dr. Mainwaring's article in *Grove V* seems compromising. One wondered if he really believed in smaller forms building into higher forms (in "music") for we supposed that besides the traditional view of this process, ours was the only new interpretation of it. Of course there are editorial limitations. Because of such limitations we had to delete portions of the "Perspective". If such limitations account for Tischler's reticence, then it is wholly understandable.

Yours faithfully,

RUSSELL ATKINS.



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